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Tamarack

June-1913

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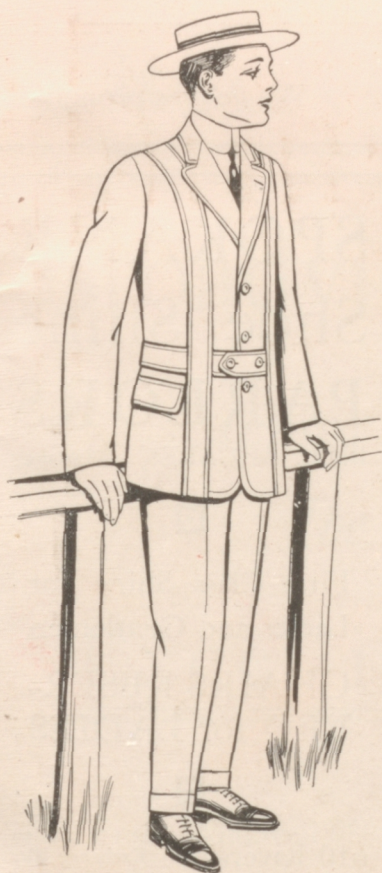
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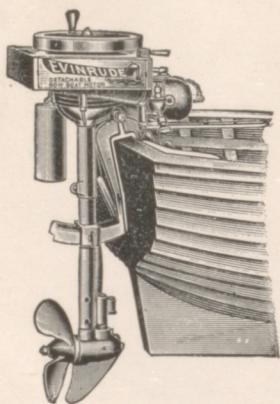
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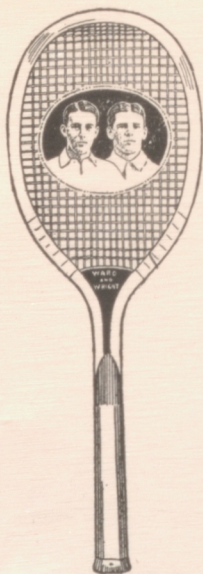
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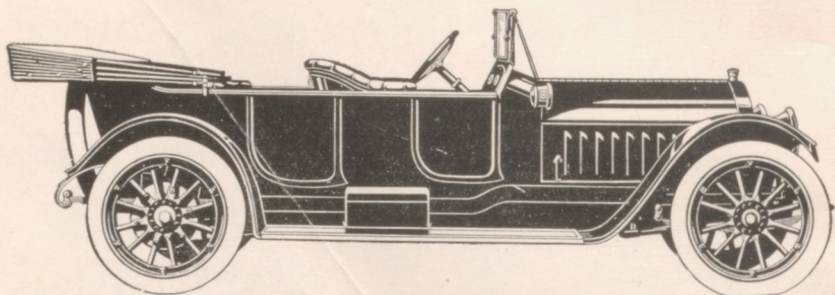
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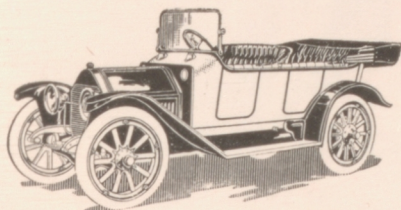
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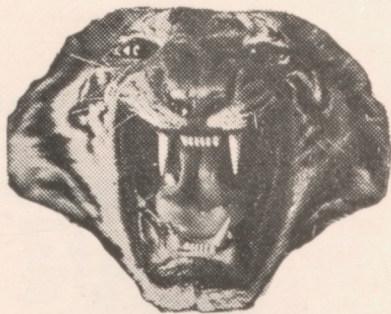
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The Tamarack

Volume IV

JUNE, 1913

Number VI

Published every six weeks by the Students of the North Central High School
Spokane, Wn. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter in Spokane, Dec. 3, 1912

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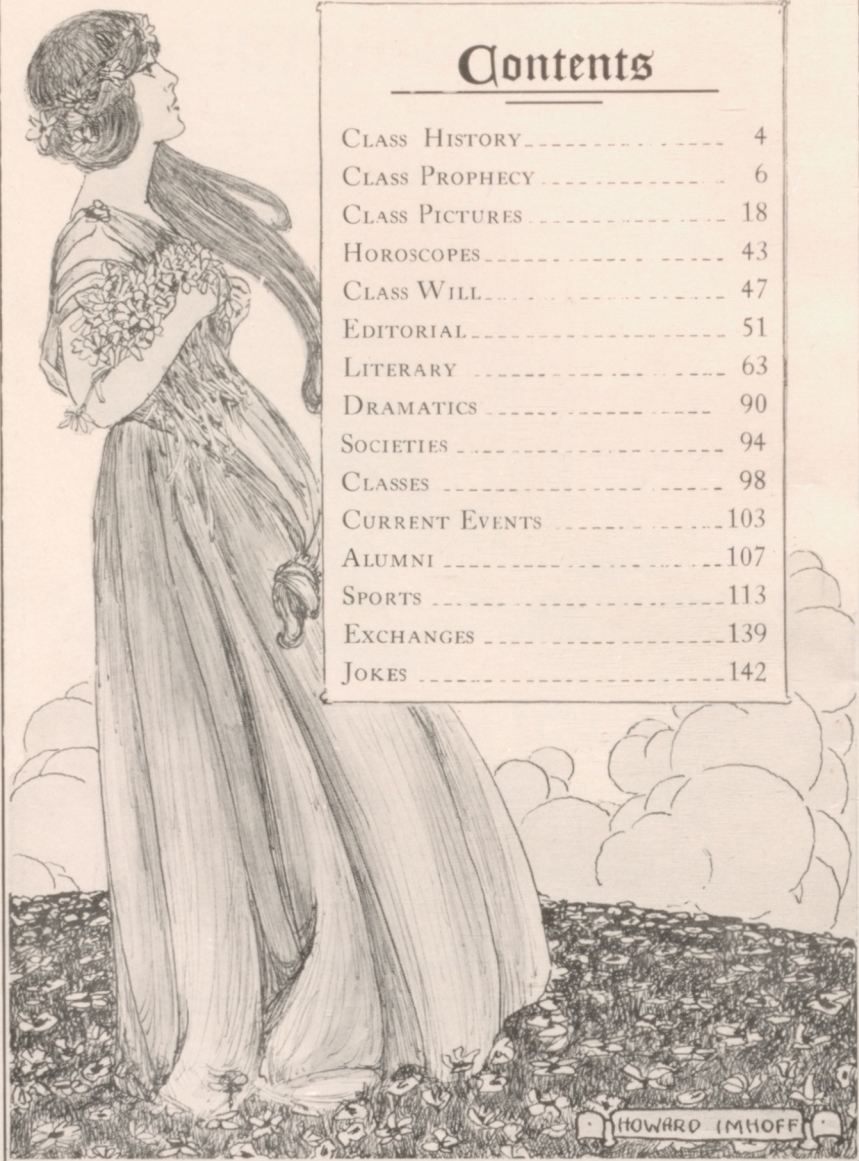
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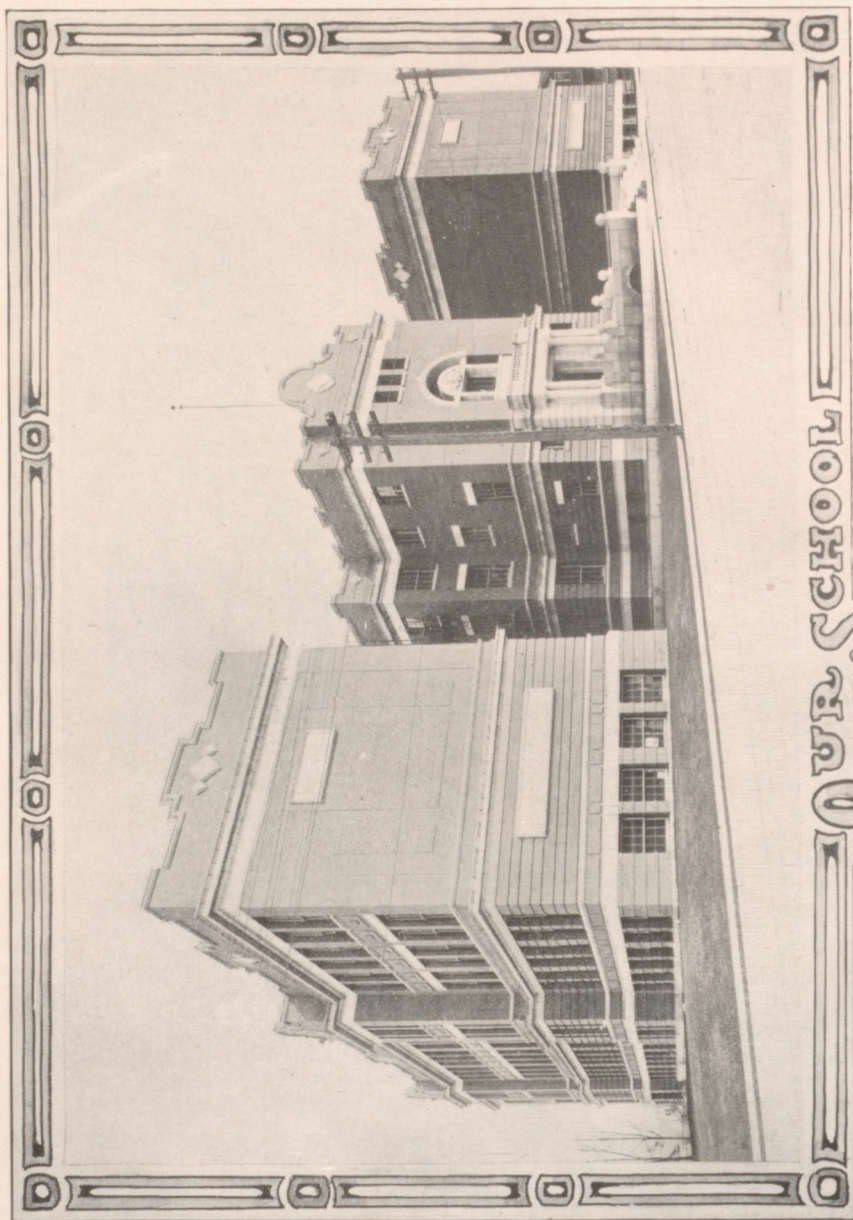


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HOWARD IMHOFF

To The
Class of June
'13



Our School

June '13 Class Song



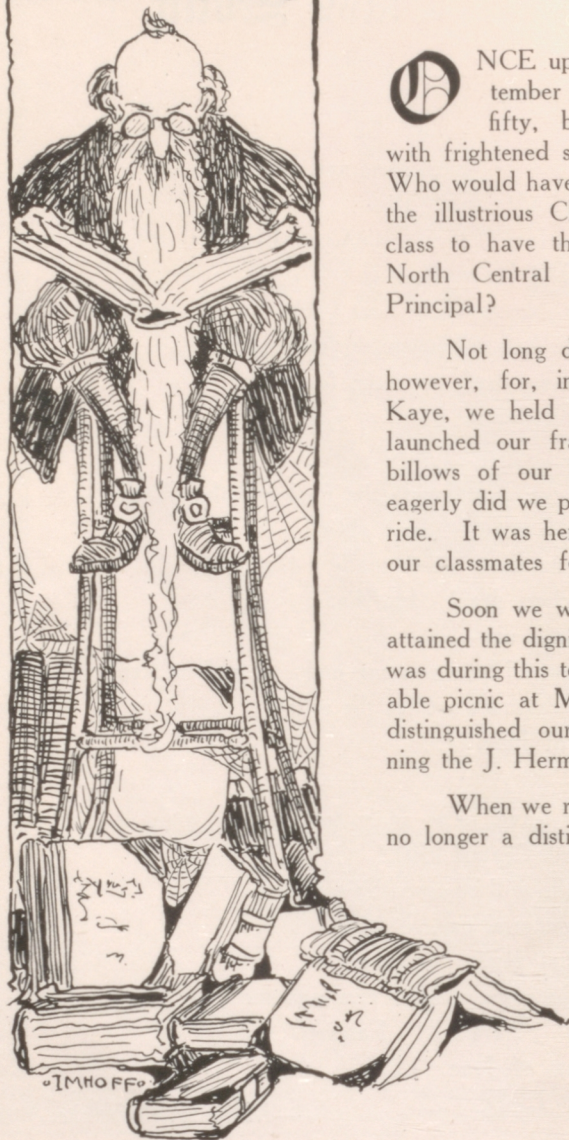
The class is all here with its colors and yells,
Maroon and Gold! Ra! Ra!
It's the Senior A class of the North Central High,
It's June, '13! Ra! Ra!
You've heard us—know us,
You take off your hats when you see us pass by,
For we've the name that's won the fame
For dear North Central High.

Four years have we spent 'neath the Red and the Black;
Let's give 'em a cheer! Ra! Ra!
We have a fine standing, we've made a big hit
With our teachers dear! Ha, ha.
Just watch us—ask us—
We'll show you all how you can make yourselves seen,
Just follow the rule that's set for the school
By the Class of June, '13.

At last we must leave, ne'er again to return,
Farewell, North Central High!
Forever your walls will re-echo the sound
Of that grand immortal cry,
Of "'13—Ra! Ra!
All praise to the name which is ever supreme
Just one last yell. Farewell! Farewell!
From the Class of June, '13.

—Margaret L. White.

HISTORY



Class History

ONCE upon a time, on a warm September day, about one hundred and fifty, bright, young faces gazed with frightened stare into the vast unknown. Who would have recognized in this assembly the illustrious Class of June '13, the first class to have the privilege of entering the North Central with Mr. Hargreaves as Principal?

Not long did we remain in obscurity, however, for, inspired by Miss Elizabeth Kaye, we held an enthusiastic meeting and launched our frail bark upon the seething billows of our high school course. How eagerly did we plan our first affair, a sleigh-ride. It was here that we first met socially our classmates for the four years' journey.

Soon we were no longer Freshies, but attained the dignified name of Freshmen. It was during this term that we gave our enjoyable picnic at Minnehaha Park. We also distinguished ourselves in baseball by winning the J. Herman Beare Cup.

When we returned in the fall, we were no longer a distinct class, but were merged

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

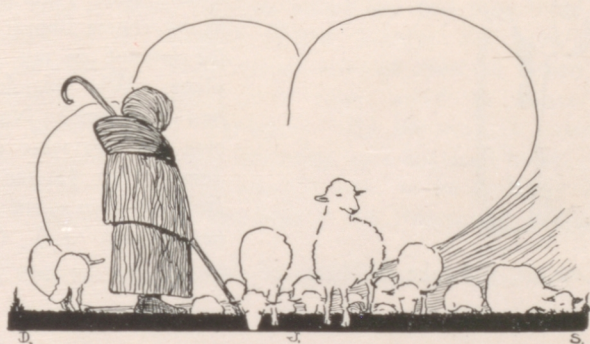
with that of the South Central. And so, we had no class activities until our Junior A term, when once more our visitors returned to their abode across the river. As soon as possible we again held a class meeting and reorganized. Every one was anxious to have a class reunion, so a picnic was given at Liberty Lake, to which the Junior B's were invited. The affair was a great success from every standpoint. We again won the J. Herman Beare Cup with our fast class team.

When we returned to school in the fall, it was to enter upon the last, the pleasantest, and the most eventful year of our stay in the N. C. H. S. As soon as sleighing was good, a jolly crowd of Senior B's spoiled a good evening for many citizens with their songs and yells. In order that we might have funds sufficient to entertain the graduating class, the Pow-Wow was presented by some of our members. The affair took the form of a banquet, given at the Inland Club. A more pleasant event our class has never enjoyed.

During the last term the Senior A girls inaugurated the custom of giving a tea to the girls of the Freshmen B Class, so that the two classes might have the opportunity of becoming acquainted. As the semester drew to a close our good times seemed to increase proportionally. There was the "Kid" party at the home of Alan Paine; the delightful picnic at Liberty Lake, June sixth, at which the Senior B's were our hosts; there was "The American Citizen," the best Senior play yet put on; there was Class Day, when a scene twenty years from now was so cleverly portrayed; and, above all, there was Graduation Night, the one night of our high school course.

During its four years' sojourn the class has shown itself to be a versatile one. We have been ably represented in all the high school societies; we have had representatives on all the athletic and debating teams.

We will never be together again as a class; but if happy memories are worth anything in this world, the members of the Class of June '13 will certainly be rich.



PROPHECY




CURTAIN

Enter Basil Jerard as Butler. C.)

(Lee Smith on stage, writing.

Bas.—A gentleman to see you, sir.

Lee—Show him in. (Exit Basil

J. Lee rises, walks toward large

calendar at end of room.) Just

twenty years ago tonight. Twenty

years! Just think of it! And

it is ten years since I rescued that

rascal Basil from the irate mob.

(Leans against table.) I never

shall forget that day. How

crazily he umpired that baseball

game. Then the flying bricks and

pop bottles. As a reward for my

trouble he has served me faith-

fully for the exorbitant sum of

10 cents per week, or equiva-

lent in my fifty-seven varieties of

cheese, while I toil night and day

in my cheese foundry to keep up

the interest on my fireless fire-

place. Why should I support

him in idleness? No reason—ex-

cept that we were classmates in

June, '13. (Enter Basil, with

Bob Steele as agent carrying car-

pet sweeper. L.) (Exit Basil.)

Bob—Excuse me, sir, if I take the liberty of showing you our new base-burning,

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

breech-loading, self-starting, pneumatic, double-action, seven-shot, semi-convertible carpet sweeper. Nothing so simple; a child can run it.

Lee—Oh, shut up! Basil! Basil! (*Enter Basil. Lee points to door.*) Eject this gentleman.

Bob—(*Looking at him.*) Bas! Bas! Well, I'll be—Basil Jerard, I say, old man, do you remember Bob Steele?

Bas.—I should say I do!

Lee—(*Putting out his hand.*) Put it there! (*They shake hands.*) Didn't recognize you carrying that thing. Say, Bob, we're having a little house party here tonight for the Class of June, '13. It's the twentieth anniversary of our graduation, you know. You've got to stay. I tried to find you, but nobody seemed to know where you were. The last time I saw you you were running a coughdrop factory in New Jersey.

Bob—Pretty good job, too. But I was prosecuted under the Sherman Anti-trust law for monopolizing interstate trade in vacuum coughdrops. After my trust was dissolved I got this job, through the influence of Edwin Raney, boss of the Third ward in Cheney. You ought to see him now. He weighs 300 pounds and talks in a voice that breaks up classes in the State Normal.

Lee—He will be here tonight. (*Enter Basil, ushering Margaret Cowgill.*) Hello, Margaret! On time as usual. How's the matrimonial bureau coming?

Mar.—Great! Swell! Fine! I've just found another wife for George Woodcock. He's a very faithful customer of mine. I'm now trying to find a husband for Louise Bledsoe, leader of the Campfire Girls. She needs a man to build campfires.

Bas.—That's a chance for me. (*Enter Gayton Knight and Vivian Aram, Gayton wearing large medals.*)

Mar.—(*Rising impulsively to Vivian.*) Hello, there, Vivian!

Lee—For the love of mud, Gayton, where did you raise those things?

Gay—You refer to my medals? (*Enter Gladys Ketcham. Shakes hands around the crowd.*) Those were conferred upon me for my most exquisite and beautiful dancing. I have been asked to dance here tonight. (*Walks toward sofa. Turning.*) By the way, I passed Art Simon out here in front. He was doctoring up a spavined horse. Said it would probably take all night to effect a cure, so he probably won't be here.

Mar.—(*To Gladys.*) Have you been to the Pantages this week?

Glad.—No, why?

Mar.—Why, Marie Blais and her trained dogs are there this week. It was

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

really good. (*Enter Rev. Donald Hamilton and Celine Fox, attired as clergyman and Salvation Army member, respectively, each carrying a Bible. Margaret walks toward sofa on which Gayton and Vivian are seated. Gayton reading a paper.*)

D. H.—(*To Lee.*) I do fear that in my absence something will happen to my flock. (*Pulls handkerchief from pocket, from which drops a cigar; picks it up, abashed, and walks around.*)

Viv.—(*Rising.*) Don't you like my gown? I've had it in Carr's window for the last week.

Mar.—It's a dream.

Bas.—A very nightmare!

Cel.—Brother Hamilton, I pray that this may be a happy reunion.

D. H.—Amen! Sister Fox.

(*Enter Mary Magee, Hazel Hansen and Edwin Raney.*)

Viv.—Some more of our old friends.

Raney—(*To Gladys.*) I brought the girls up in my new machine.

Mar.—(*To Gayton.*) You are quite a dancer, too, aren't you? Where did you learn?

Gay.—At Bertha Bunn's academy of the light fantastic. She teaches nothing but classic dances, like the minuet, you know.

D. H.—Oh, yes! (*Gayton resumes newspaper.*)

Gay.—My eye! Listen to this. Mabel Furst. Expert on affairs of the heart. Successor to Laura Jean Libby. And look at this letter: My Dear Miss Furst: I am unfortunate enough to have 17 suitors. I love them all dearly, but am driven to distraction trying to keep them from knowing it. I cannot bear to break their hearts. Which one do I love the best? Yours in anguish, Mae Allensworth.

Mar.—(*Producing tablet and pencil.*) This is in my line. I'll send Mae a copy of "Matrimonial Management, a Manual for Match Making." That'll help her out.

Lee.—Say, speaking of successors—what about Stanley B.—as successor to Mr. Sawtelle? Seems impossible, doesn't it?

Vivian—No more impossible than that our classical girl, Rosa Schelling, is now the ragtime player at the movies. What changes!

Cel.—And Hertha Wiegman as successor to Miss Fehr. She was unable to get here today, but sent her best wishes. (*Enter Bess C.*)

Bess—Hello, everybody, seems good to see you all again!

Hazel—Did you bring me some hair tonic? I need it.

Bess—Yes, here 'tis. Apply it carefully, according to directions, and the result

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

will be splendid. Just wait till you see Alan Paine's bewitching cruls—and Arthur Simon's!

(*Ring at the doorbell. Enter Lois D.*)

Glad.—Come right in. Delighted that you could come.

Lois—Well, I'm certainly tickled to death to be here. But what is everybody talking—occupations? How interesting!

Lee—Why! Lois—?

Lois—(*Laughing*) Lois Danaldson, quite well and very busy at the Pantages.

Glad.—(*To all.*) All our stars are favoring our friends today. Lois will read for us.

Lois—Well, perhaps I am not a star, but I will do the best I can. (*Gives a reading.*)

All—Splendid! (*Applause.*)

Bas.—Say, there comes Ernest Hicks, our learned school-fellow, now teacher of Latin in the "U." (*Enter Ernest.*) Hello, old chap, no strangers here, I guess.

Ernest—Glad to be able to come. How refreshing it is to be a student once more. How goes it?

(*Ring at the door and Grace Burton enters.*)

Bas.—Hello, Grace! We were afraid you couldn't get off.

Grace—So was I. Mr. Hargreaves was making out the honor roll; it was rather exciting.

Ernest—History repeating itself. Remember June, '13? How we tormented Miss Corwin!

Lois—Anybody know anything about Mary Teel and Glen Vaughn?

Edwin—Mary Teel's Madam Teel, hairdresser. Stage makeupper for North Central. Glen Vaughn died martyr to oratory; his last words, "This here play." (*General smiles.*)

(*Mabel Furst and Sam Hill rushing rushing in.*)

Sam.—Quick! Quick! An Olmpic flyer!

Mabel—We think it's Margaret Hunter. She's entered for the Olympic races this year. She is the great woman aviator, you know.

(*Enter Lucile Haynes.*)

Glad.—(*Introducing her.*) Our prima donna, who will sing for us.

Lucile—Please let me say "hello" first. How jolly this is. How do you do. Now I will discharge my duty. (*Sings.*) (*Great applause.*)

Gladys—(*Reading note.*) Mr. Emerson Donovan regrets that he is unable to accept Mr. Smith's kind invitation to meet his former classmates on the evening of June 13, 1933, as his duties as junior usher at the Clem

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

require all his time at present.

E. Raney—Did Emerson Donovan write that? Gee! Times is changed!

(*Enter Orchestra, Donald Wilson leading, Elaine Halstead, Lawrence Dunn, Kemp Holt and Nellie McColl.*)

Don. W.—Well, people, I brought my new orchestra over to play for you. It's the "Hillyard Invincible Symphony Orchestra." (*Play. Applause.*)

Glad.—Do you know, I never knew what became of Jerome Barline until last Sunday. I was reading a comic paper and I discovered that he was the editor. Of course I wrote to him at once inviting him over, but he was unable to come.

D. H.—I saw Leslie Rowell the other day in Chicago at the ball game. Leslie was the umpire. After the game we had a great chat and I told him I was leaving that night for the house party. He expressed all kinds of regrets that he could not be here, and he wanted to be remembered to all of you. And Leslie was telling me about Hazel Hanson's voice. Won't you sing for us?

Hazel H.—Why, yes. (*Sings. Applause.*)

L. Hyanes—(*Looking out of the window.*) Here come Gladys Garland and Eugenia Hall. Those girls are absolutely inseparable. You know Gladys teaches domestic science and Eugenia history. They seem like long-lost friends since they discovered each other.

(*Gladys K. goes forward, followed by Lee.*)

Gladys K.—How do you do? My! but it is good to see you again. Come right in and see how many people you remember!

Lee S.—(*Shaking their hands.*) You look familiar. Mighty glad you're here.

Gladys G.—Hello, everybody! I intended to bring you each a domestic science cookie, but Eugenia came after me and I didn't have time to make any.

(*Eugenia has been busy in the meantime greeting people on the stage, shaking hands with many.*)

Eugenia H.—(*Turning to Mary Magee.*) Why, Mary Magee! That last time we met was in England. Who are you serving now, Mary?

Mary Magee—Oh, my allegiance now is France's. (*Francis.*)

(*Enter Bessie Rhodes.*)

Bessie R.—I thought I'd walk right in, so we won't bother you. How's everybody? Has Elaine come?

Gladys K.—Yes, she's out in the garden to gather a bouquet of our old class flower, the pink rose. (*Goes to window and calls Elaine.*) Oh, Elaine!

Bessie is here now. Come in and play for us.

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

(Enter Elaine.)

Elaine H.—At your service, ladies and gentlemen. Did you bring the music, Bessie? Good.

Grace Burton—(Later.) Now to show our distinguished classmates how the two most popular music teachers (ahem!) in Spokane have improved since the days of 1913. (They play. Great applaust.)

Elaine H.—Don't you think we have improved?

All—Yes, indeed! (Knock heard at door. Gladys K. goes and Alan Paine and Grace Ownbey enter.)

Alan—How'dy, all! Mighty glad to see you. (Tosses a paper at one of them.) Thought I'd bring you one of my papers. You know I'm editing the Cheney Free Press since I left the Tamarack twenty years ago, and my wife (Indicating Grace) insisted upon my bringing a copy.

Grace Ownbey—Yes, I'm very proud of Alan's work. By the way, Karl Krogstad said Mae wouldn't let him come because there might be some pretty girls here. He's very henpecked, you know, but he hopes he can sneak out, so we may see him here yet.

Celiene Fox—That reminds me, Margaret Nash may be here later. She works at Shaw & Borden's, you know. (Maid enters and gives telegram to Gladys K., who opens it.)

Gladys K.—Oh, it's from Clement Phillips. I'll read it: Unable to be with you. Running in Olympic games today. Sorry.—Clement Phillips.

Basil J.—Well, he sure is some athlete. I always knew he'd be good, but I didn't think he'd climb quite so high.

Grace Burton—Well, he's not the only one of us to make his mark in that line. I had a letter from Laura Hill the other day. She's been turning out winning teams at Vassar for several years now.

(Commotion outside. Exit Basil Jerard. His voice is heard.)

Basil—Hello, Bob! Well, what in the world?

(Enter Eva O'Neil. Shakes hands with Gladys and all. Seats herself with Bernice Robinson.)

(Bob Tate entering with a basket full of bottles, sets the basket down and holds up a bottle in each hand.)

Robert—(Excitedly.) Perfected at last! Here it is (taking out a bottle and reading): Mr. Lineau's Hair Restorer. It's great dope and I'm head advertising man for it. Oh, pardon me, delighted to see you all. I almost forgot my manners, I was so excited about this new wonder.

Lee S.—Well, if you're running it, Bob, it'll be a go, all right. Why here's

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

William Wilson. I declare, I didn't think he would get married to a society belle of Washington. (*Rushes to door.*) Well, this surely is a pleasure. (*Shakes hands.*) It's mighty fine of you to come clear from Washington to our reunion.

W. W.—Why, I wouldn't have missed this for anything. Even my wife's earnest pleadings couldn't keep me away, and she can do most anything with me. I had a very funny experience on my way out. I went into a moving picture show at one place where I stopped and there was a face in the pictures that was very familiar. I asked the gentleman next to me if he knew who it was, and he said, "Why, yes, that's Don Rader, the great moving picture star." Then I remembered him. Will he be here?"

Glad. K.—I wrote to him, but I'm afraid he didn't get my message, as I received no reply. Do you remember everyone here?

W. W.—Well, surely this is Burnie Robinson.

Burnie R.—Sure it is. Just talking over old times with Eva. She's been telling me that Lillian Cole married an iceman.

W. W.—Cole and Ice—seems to me they always go together.

Eva O.—And George Collins is advertising gorgeous hosiery. But who knows what became of Goldie Crampton?

Glad. K.—Oh, she's a second Carrie Nation, and our friend Dorothy Dave is a socialist leader with Walter Howe for a partner.

M. Magee—Gladys, we've heard a great deal about your wonderful voice, won't you sing for us?

All—Yes, do.

Glad.—I am afraid the reports are flattering, but I'll try. (*Sings.*)

Sam H.—Fine! It reminds me that another one of our old members is a grand lyric artist now. Lawrence Dunn is a second Caruso.

Raney—And Margaret Oliver is making comic records for a phonograph company. Some class to our music!

Cel.—Do you know I went down to Davenport's last night and who do you suppose I saw? You'd never guess. Sylvester English. He's a waiter now.

Mabel—Well, there's one of us who is a high-brow, anyhow, and that is Mildred France. She has written an English metrical translation of Virgil, with copious notes.

Ernest—(*Looking at Don Hamilton.*) Say, Don, how about that report that you and Leon Johnson are going to travel as the stars for the "Mut and Jeff" comic opera?

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

D. H.—That's true. You see, we can't all be wise, like you and Ruth Te-winkel. Some class to Ruth being first woman Senator from Washington, eh?

Mar.—Speaking of wisdom, who knows what became of Eloise Polson? She was always in the library to glean some stray bits of knowledge.

Ernest—Why, she's head of that same library, and you bet she is some successor to Miss Fargo.

D. H.—But say, what do you know about the interesting career of our friend Earl Poe? Ha, ha! At last he's made his mark. He left school permeated with the desire for theatricals, dropped that soon to sing humorous phonograph records, and finally has evolved into an expert dancing master in New York.

Mar. C.—Oh, I remember now. I saw in the paper the other day how Monsieur Poe was leading the crusade of the dancing masters against the new rags, the aeroplane glide and ostrich wiggle.

Raney (Passing candy.) Help yourselves to some of these celebrated chocolates, for sale at all leading confectionery stores in the United States. They're made at Carr's, by Miss Julia Jones. She's the girl who made Carr's famous. By the way, have you heard of the tremendous project that is on foot?

All—(Excitedly) What? Tell us!

Raney—Why, the coming railroad magnate, Samuel Hill, the second J. Hill, is building an electric monorail line from Medical Lake to Marshall Junction. He's trying to sell me some stock. He's got a mighty shrewd head on him, has Sam, so I thought I'd investigate. But let me get my breath. Can't we have some music? Seems to me Miss McColl, here, and Miss Blais have a little talent.

Burnie—Believe me, we've all heard you at the talking movies, and now you'll have to deliver a little of the genuine article. (*Sings. Applause.*)

Cel. F.—Well, talking of music reminds me of Don Wilson. I always did recognize his marvelous executive genius, and now he is leader of the Invincible Hillyard Symphony Orchestra.

Lee—Yes, he's a wonder. He's just back from his annual tour of Yakima, Okanogan and Spokane Counties. I heard him in Walla Walla, where they generously played for the poor fellows in the Pen.

D. H.—(*Starting.*) You don't mean to say——

Lee (Fussed.) Oh, no! No, don't misunderstand me. I assure you my character is irreproachable. (*Changing tone.*) Mr. Wilson tried to secure Miss Hulda Karlson, the great soprano prima donna, for a soloist,

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

but she's after bigger dramatic game, I guess, as I see she's in New York. But say, who knows anything about Walter Powell?

Sam H.—I see I have bad news to break. He and Bently Merrick are martyrs. They went to California and Merrick got in the legislature and succeeded in passing the bill alienating the Japs. Oh, for another William J. Bryan! Poor Walter was killed in the war, trying to protect his lemon ranch, and Bentley was sent as a peace envoy to Japan, where he was cruelly lynched by the angry Japs.

Bess C.—Well, let's be thankful we've got some soldiers still fighting. Flossie McKeehan and Elizabeth Dech, the militant suffragettes, are now helping in England. Flossie's last letter says she's on a hunger strike in a London prison.

D. H.—Well, there's more than one way of letting off steam. They say that Cliff Williams is the international tennis champion, who spends his winter months on the vaudeville circuit.

Cliff—(*Bowing.*) Yes, you behold in me a shining example of the versatility developed in the old North Central High.

(*Enter Howard Coleman Imhoff with some striped stick candy.*)

H. I.—So sorry I was late, but I had a special order to paint some fancy stripes on candy. You know that is my job at the candy foundry. I brought some. (*Passes candy.*)

Mary M.—Won't you play your horn for us, Kemp?

Kemp—Sure!

Mabel F.—(*Developed on cafe soup.*) Say, Clifford, have you heard the latest about the N. C. soup? Florence Wilburn made a good reputation for it. Ha, ha, ha! She made a secret scientific formula for it. It's made by the barrellfull in Dr. Benefiel's lab., and piped into the cafe.

Clif.—Thanks for the tip. I guess I'll try it.

Mab.—I saw Helen Nourse today. She's doing a rushing business as a manicurist. She keeps Lineau's Hair Restorer on hand and says it is a much better polisher than hair restorer, as it makes a splendid finger nail polish.

Bessie R.—Agnes Swanson is head waitress in the Tea Room at the Palm now. I hope she can get off for our party.

Clif.—Pearl Benscotter's a waitress, too.

Mary M.—Do you know that when I was in Siam four years ago I met Clara Swanson. She's a Red Cross nurse.

Clif.—By the way, John Goddard is still scoring in football. He is the inventor of the wonderful magnetic football, which always goes where

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

desired.

Edwin R.—Our friend Bergren is counting electoral ballots. Karl Krogstad seems to have enjoyed his work as stage manager of the Senior A play of the Class of June, '13. He is now stage manager for the Metropolitan Opera house.

Eva—Harold Leydig is the famous landscape gardener who has so beautified Peaceful Valley.

Burnie R.—How is it that Hugh Campbell isn't here?

Gladys K.—Oh, he's traveling with Ringling Brothers' circus, and is their most successful lion tamer. Arthur Dahlstrom couldn't be present, either, but he is now sexton of Greenwood Cemetery, and he feared to leave his charges for even so short a time. He says he likes his work.

Basil J.—Too bad Ronald Dye had to miss this, but being baseball champion of the Fiji Islands, he cabled that his life would be forfeited if he should attempt to leave during the baseball season. They say he's the idol of the women, who appreciate baseball heroes as much as the girls of the North Central.

Celiene F.—Where's Laura Dygert? I have not heard of her since her graduation?

Gladys K.—She is devoting her time to writing a history of the luminaries of the Class of June, '13. Celiene, we hear that you belong to the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Celiene (in a melancholy voice)—Yes, I am. Buy a War Cry, won't you?

Edwin R.—By the way, Imhoff, give us one of your chalk talks to liven us up a bit. I certainly enjoyed hearing you at the Orpheum the other night.
(Chalk talk. Applause.)

Lee S.—Well, that was great.

M. Magee—Speaking of the Orpheum, I learned the other day that the leading lady of the American is an old schoolmate of ours, Helen Knapp. We had quite a chat together.

Eugenia H.—Well, we aren't all on the stage. I read not long ago that Ralph Noureniburg had just gone as a missionary to Africa.

Lots—Well, Eva, tell us what your specialty is. We have all told ours.

Eva (Laughing.) Do you mean to tell me that you have never visited my place? I own the O'Neil Improvement Shop. Surely all you girls would be interested in that. You need never appear old if you will only try what we can do for you. We have many patrons from North Central.

Lee—Well, isn't there any place where the old gentlemen may be improved, also?

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

Bas.—Sure there is. I am going to have a nice silky pompadouh in about a week. John Reed is a trainer of pompadours and his finished products are certainly worth having. But you have to engage your time months ahead for his work is very popular.

Mary—That reminds me, as I was passing the Crescent the other day a lady with a very heavy head of hair was standing in the window advertising Herpicide. When she turned around I recognized Helen Smith. She and John ought to go into partnership. Couldn't she come this evening?

Glad.—No, she was sorry, but her work had called her to Seattle. Alice Tong also wanted to be remembered to all of you. She is head of the new domestic science department at Gonzaga.

Alan P.—Well, here comes Ruth Tewinkel with Arthur Simon. Now we can have the old Senior A Octet sing for us.

(Arthur Simon, Lee Smith, Lawrence Dunn, Gayton Knight, Nellie McColl, Marie Blais, Gladys Ketcham and Ruth Tewinkel step up and sing the "Alma Mater." Applause.)

Bess—We ought to have Margaret White here to make some fun for us. But I suppose she is away on her honeymoon.

Eva—Yes, her sixth. Her fifth husband died six weeks ago. You know Margaret never was very slow.

Mabel—What ever became of Geneva White?

Don N.—Oh, she is no longer Geneva White. She has now become Duchess (Dutch's).

Bess C.—I really didn't know it was so late. I've an appointment for five o'clock, so must be going.

Lee—Let's have our class song first. *(Song.)* Now we mustn't separate without singing "Dear Old Red and Black." *(Song.)* Let's repeat the chorus.

RUTH TEWINKEL.
MARGARET HUNTER.
BESS CHANDLER.
LAWRENCE DUNN.
ARTHUR SIMON.
DONALD WILSON.

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E



L. W. SAWTELLE
Class Director, June '13 Class

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



LOIS DANALDSON

"I will be an orator; an actor, too, perhaps, if I see a cause."

General Course.

Secretary of Masque Society; leading lady in "The Butterflies."

LAWRENCE DUNN

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

General Course

Entered 1911 from Appleton High, Wis. Engineering Society; High School Band; "Sylvia."

JEROME BARLINE

"Oh, what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side."

General Course.

Senior A Play.

MAE ALLENSWORTH

"I hope you will not mock me with a husband."

Classical Course.

German Society; Commencement Orator.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

KARL KROGSTAD

"Would that all the world were a stage and I the manager."

Commercial Course.

Engineering Society, Debating Society; Stage Mgr. of Senior A Play and Pow-Wow; Football (4).

MABEL FURST

"We will keep a little cozy corner in our heart for her."

Manual Arts Course.

Vice President of Senior B. Class.

VIVIAN ARAM

"For she is wise, if I am judge of her."

Household Arts.

Debating Society (I).

CLIFFORD WILLIAMS

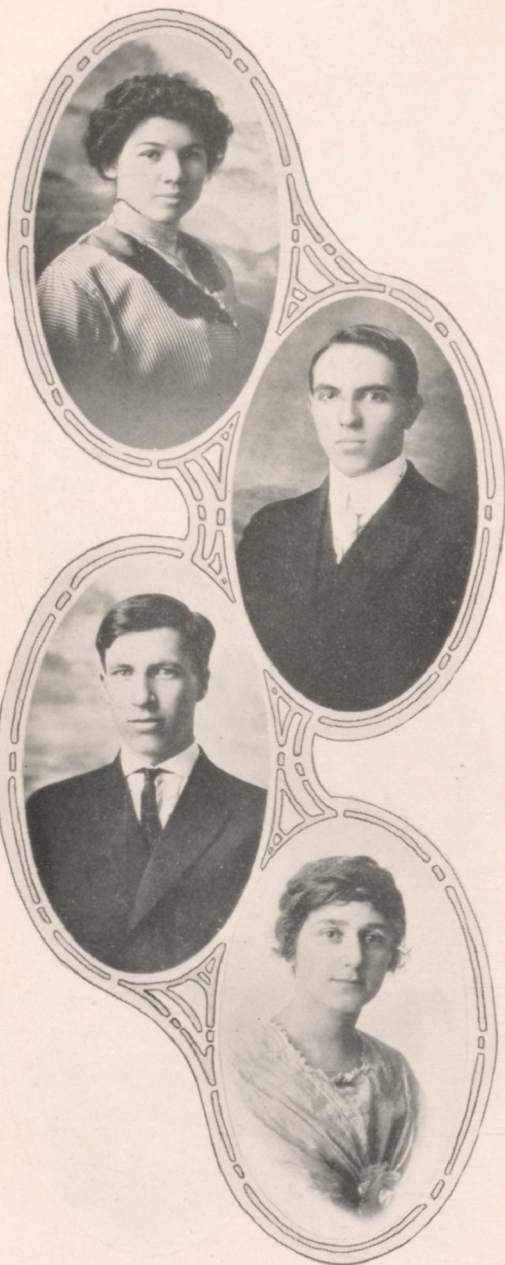
"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

Commercial Course.

Delta Society; First President of N. C. H. S. Tennis Club.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



FLOSSIE MCKEEHEN

"So long as the fates permit, live in cheerfulness."

General Course.

HAROLD LEYDIG

"He hath a stern look but a gentle heart."

Commercial Course.

Class Announcement Committee.

HUGH CAMPBELL

"A very gentle beast and of good conscience."

Commercial Course.

PEARL BENSCOTTER

"A teacher is a noble being."

General Course.

"Pow-Wow."

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

GEORGE WOODCOCK

"He did nothing and did it well."
General Course.

Asst. Editor on Tamarack, '12.

CLARA SWANSON

"No, no! I am but the shadow of myself."

Classical Course.

Entered 1910 from Helena High School; Senior A Play.

LESLIE ROWELL

"Of truth I say, these business cares do press upon my soul."

Classical Course.

Business Mgr. of Senior B and Senior A Plays; Circulation Mgr. of Tamarack (4); Honorable Mention; Class Baseball (3), (4); Tennis Club.

AGNES SWANSON

"A good face is the best letter of recommendation."

Manual Arts Course.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



HELEN KNAPP

"Blessed be they who say nothing,
for they are not quoted."

General Course.

Girls' Literary Society.

WALTER HOWE

"A man who could find comfort and
occupation in his books."

Commercial Course.

Debating Society; Honorable Men-
tion.

ERNEST HIX

"Deepest rivers make least din."

Honor Roll, Classical Course.

MARIE BLAIS

"As full of spirit as the month of
May."

Classical Course.

Secretary and Treasurer of Girls'
Literary Society; Treasurer of Junior
A Class; Pow-Wow.

Reporter to Tamarack (1).

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

ROBERT STEELE

"An unwieldy bunch of good nature."

Engineering Society; Track Team (4); First in Strength Test.

GLADYS GARLAND

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive, she."

Manual Arts Course.

HELEN NOURSE

"With malice toward none and charity for all."

Classical Course.

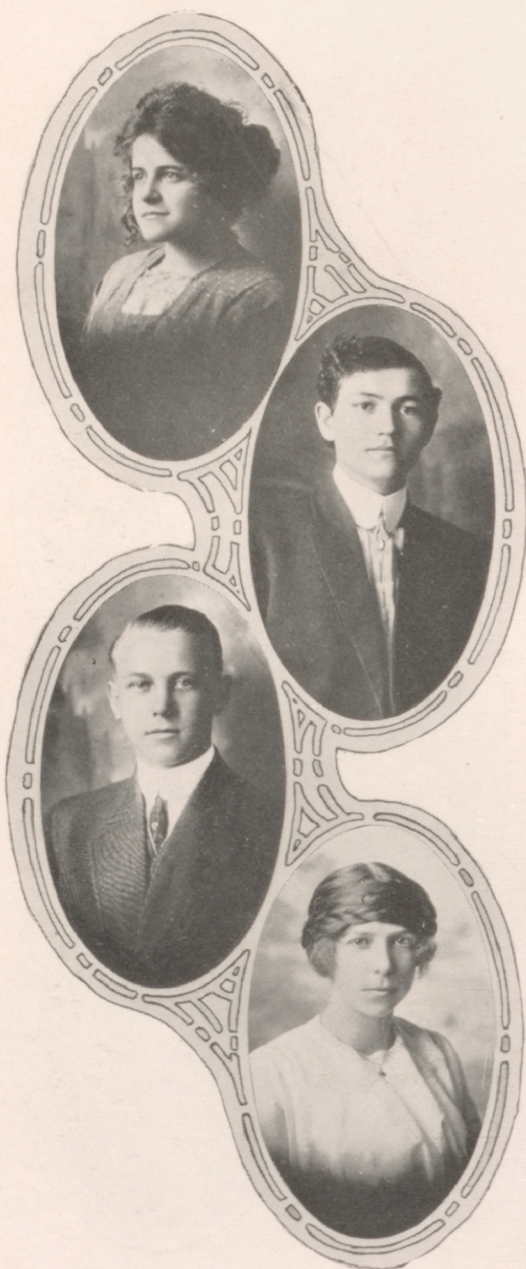
ARTHUR DAHLSTROM

"Some work of noble note may yet be done."

Manual Arts Course.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



MARY TELL

"I'd rather be little and mighty than a big dead one."

General Course.

German Society.

GLENN VAUGHN

"Let me have an audience, I am sent to speak."

Scientific Course.

Entered September 11, from St. Maries High School.

Masque; Deltas; Business Mgr. of "The Butterflies."

RALPH NORENBURG

"Be not afraid of enthusiasm: you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it."

..... Course.

Entered 1910 from Odessa High School. Officer in German Society, '12; Scrub Football Team.

HERTHA WIEGMAN

"A manner so plain, grave, unaffected and sincere."

Manual Arts Course.

German Society; German Play.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

ARTHUR SIMON

"When honor comes to you be ready to take it, but reach not to seize it before it is near."

Entered September, 1912, from Broadway High, Seattle.

Honorable Mention; Pow-Wow; Senior A Play; Mathematics; Tennis; Class Debating Team (4).

RUTH TEWINKEL

"So young, so wise, they say do never live."

Classical Course.

German Society; Vice President of Mathematics Society; Pow-Wow; Honor Roll; Commencement Orator.

GRACE OWNBEY

"A light heart lives long."

General Course.

Entered from Libby High School in 1913.

BURNIE ROBINSON

"That laugh will get you into trouble yet."

General Course.

Entered from Pendleton High School 1910.

Engineering Society; Committee for Class Will.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



BESSIE CHANDLER

"Alas, there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords."

General Course.

Entered from Osage High School, Iowa.

The Senior Banquet Committee.
Art on Tamarack, 1910.

HOWARD IMHOFF

"For aught that I could ever read,
could ever hear by tale or history, the
course of true love never did run
smooth."

General Course.

Reporter to Tamarack.

Past Junior Grand Master, Deltas.

Art Ed. Tamarack, Blue and White, Wanaka.

Adv. Mgr. Pow-Wow and Senior Class play.

MARGARET COWGILL

"And though she be but little, she is fierce."

Manual Arts Course.

Chairman Senior B Banquet Committee and of Senior A Party. Josh Editor of Tamarack Girls' Issue (1).

DONALD HAMILTON

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Manual Arts Course.

Deltas; Vice President of Engineering Society; Tennis Club; Treasurer Senior B Class; Assistant Staff Artist Tamarack (4); Assistant Advertising Manager Tamarack (4); Class Baseball (3); Pow-Wow; Senior A Play.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

EMERSON DONOVAN

"And yet methinks I would not grow so fast."

General Course.

German Society; Engineering Society; Class Baseball (3); Pow-Wow; Class Play.

ELOISE POLSON

"Why aren't they all contented, like me?"

Classical Course.

Entered 1911 from Centerville High School, Iowa.

CELIENE FOX

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose."

Scientific Course.

Entered from L. & C., 1910.

RONALD DYE

"He was to be known to be appreciated."

Manual Arts Course.

Captain Class Baseball, '13.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



ELAINE HALSTEAD

"I love tranquil solitude and such society as is quiet, wise and good."

Commercial Course.

JOHN REED

"Banish modesty out of his world, and she carries away with her half the virtue that is in him."

General Course.

Entered Sept. '12, from Sheridan High School. Electrician for Pow-Wow.

LAURA HILL

"A very gentle, modest maid."

Basketball team 1911, '12, '13.

EDWIN RANEY

"Since laboring and resting life is divided best,

Let others do the laboring and I will do the rest."

Classical Course.

Jan. '13 Play; Member of Class Prophecy Committee.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

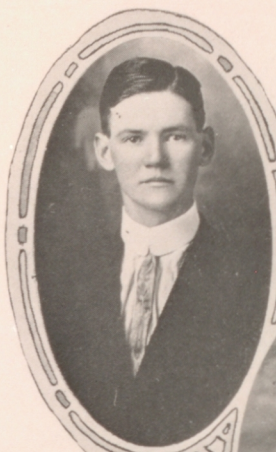
CLEMENT PHILLIPS

"This man is made of solid stuff."

General Course.

Entered 1912 from Colfax High School.

Member of Track Team.



GOLDIE CRAMPTON

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet."

General Course.



DONALD RADER

"I am not in the roll of common men."

General Course.

Deltas; Senior A Play.



EUGENIA HALL

"I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear."

Manual Arts

Entered in 1913 from Coeur d'Alene High School.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



DOROTHY DAVE

"How fine, how blest a thing is work, for someone else."

General Course.

Entered 1910 from Green Bay High School.

On the committee for Senior B. Sleighride.

LEON JOHNSTON

"My brains are in proportion to my length."

Scientific Course.

Entered 1911 from Missoula High School.

Engineering Society; String Quartet.

BENTLEY MERRICK

"My only books were women's looks, and folly's all they've taught me."

Commercial Course.

LAURA DYGERT

"A little body doth often harbor a great soul."

Classical Course.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

DONALD WILSON

"He reads much, he is a great observer and he looks quite through the deeds of men."

Scientific Course.

President of Masque; Class Reporter; Orchestra; Violin Quartet; Honor Roll; Class Play; Staff Photographer of Tamarack (4).

GRACE BURTON

"She has many nameless virtues."

Commercial Course.

Special Tamarack Committee.

MILDRED FRANCE

"Neither too young to be wise nor too old to be careful."

Classical Course.

Quills Literary Society

JOHN BERGGREN

"That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

General Course.

Engineering Society.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



GENEVA WHITE

"I will be even with thee, doubt it not."

Household Arts.

WILLIAM WILSON

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

General Course.

Masque; Debating; S. A. R. Orator; President of June '13 Class; Commencement Orator.

SAMUEL HILL

"A quiet worker always on the job." Commercial Course.

EVA O'NEIL

"Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree."

General Course.

Girls' Literary Society.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

KEMP HOLT

"A musician of rare note was he."
Scientific Course.

Reporter of German Society; High
School Orchestra; Band; Brass and
String Quartet.

ALICE TONG

"I do profess to be no less than I
seem."

Manual Arts Course.

Joke Editor of Tamarack (1); Sen-
ior A Play.

JULIA JONES

"Her future will be as her present,
always smiling."

Manual Arts Course.

Entered from L. & C. 1910; Girls'
Literary Society.

GEORGE COLLIN

"Now by the two-headed Janis Na-
ture hath framed some strange fellows
in her time."

General Course.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



ROSE SCHILLING

"There is something very winning in her haughty manner."

General Course.

German Society; Mathematics; German Play; Leading Lady Senior A Play; Girls' Literary Society; Debating; Honor Roll.

EARL POE

"Curses! I would fain be an actor man."

Classical Course.

Leading man in Senior A Play.

NELLIE McCALL

"For there never was philosopher who could endure a toothache patiently."

Classical Course.

Masque; Girls' Quartet; "Sylvia;" Pow-Wow "Co-Ed;" Senior A Play.

GAYTON KNIGHT

"And when a lady's in the case you know all other things give place."

Scientific Course.

Masque; Pres. Mathematics Club; Fifth Honor Roll; Engineering Society; Debating Society; Bus. Mgr. of "The Co-Ed." "The Butterflies;" Reporter to Tamarack (1) (3); Track (4); Class Debate Team (1) (4).

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

ROBERT TATE

"Life is the money we make out of it."

General Course.

Treas. Deltas (2); Adv. Mgr. Tamarack, first Tamarack Annual; Bus. Mgr. Tamarack, '12, '13; Student Mgr. Athletics, '12, '13; Class Yellmaster, '11, '12, '13; Charter Delt. Entered N. C. H. S. in '09; left in '10; attended four other schools; returned '11.

GLADYS KETCHAM

"By nature she is somewhat of a coquette."

Classical Course.

Leading Lady, Pow-Wow; Chairman of May Festival; Girls' Literary Society; Special Tamarack Committee.

MARY MAGEE

"This is the flower that smiles on everyone."

General Course.

Secretary of Senior B Class; Joke Editor Tamarack (4).

LEE SMITH

"He is Wit's pedler and retails his wares."

Scientific Course.

Deltas; Track (4); Basketball (4); Class Baseball (3), (4); Vice President Junior A; President Senior B; Commencement Orator.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



MARGARET OLIVER

"What is the end of study, let me know?"

General Course.

Treasurer of Freshman Class.

FLORENCE WILBURN

"Deliberate and precise, a good student."

Commercial Course.

LOUISE BLEDSOE

"Oh, do not slander her, for she is kind."

General Course.

MARGARET NASH

"A cordial, unaffected and most affectionate presence."

Manual Arts Course.

Vice President of Senior A Class;
Chairman of Announcement Committee.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

STANLEY BLANCHARD

"Give him a little earth for charity."

Manual Arts Course
President of Engineering Society.

HULDA KARLSON

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

General Course.

Entered 1912 from L. & C. High School.

BASIL JERARD

"I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes."

Manual Arts.

Captain Baseball Team, '12, '13;
Member of Athletic Board, Delta Society.

BESSIE RHODES

"Those about her shall from her read the perfect ways of honor."

Classical Course.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM

"What she undertook to do she did."
General Course.

SYLVESTER ENGLISH

"I am the very pink of courtesy."
Commercial Course.

WALTER POWELL

"Through the love groves would pace
in solemn mood,
 wooing the pensive charms of soli-
tude."

Scientific Course.
Engineering Society.

MARGARET HUNTER

"If I chance to talk a little while,
forgive me."

Entered from L. & C., 1909.

— Charter Member of Masque; Secre-
tary of Mathematics Society;
"Co-Ed;" Pow-Wow; Class Play;
Honor Roll; Secretary of Junior A
and Senior A Classes.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

ALAN PAINE

"Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase."

Classical Course.

President of Masque (2); Member of Debating; Deltas; Mathematics; Tennis; Vice President of Class (1); Class President (3); Reporter to Tamarack (4); Associate Editor Tamarack; Editor-in-Chief Tamarack (4); First on Honor Roll; Commencement Orator; N. C. H. S. Debating Team (1), (2), (4); Coach of Freshman Debate (3); Third J. Herman Beare (1); "The Co-ed."

MARGARET WHITE

"A poem's life and death dependeth still

Not on the poet's wits, but reader's will."

General Course.

Secretary and Vice President of Masque; Debating Society; Commencement Orator '13; "The Butterflies;" Secretary and Treasurer of Tennis Club.

HAZEL HANSEN

"In each cheek appears a dimple."

Classical Course.

Soloist in the Pow-Wow.

JOHN GODDARD

"Every man has his fault and honesty is his."

General Course.

Mathematics Society; Delta Society; Class Baseball; Football 1912; Senior A Class Treasurer; Senior A Play.



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



LILLIAN COLE

"Something to do to procure me grace."

General Course.

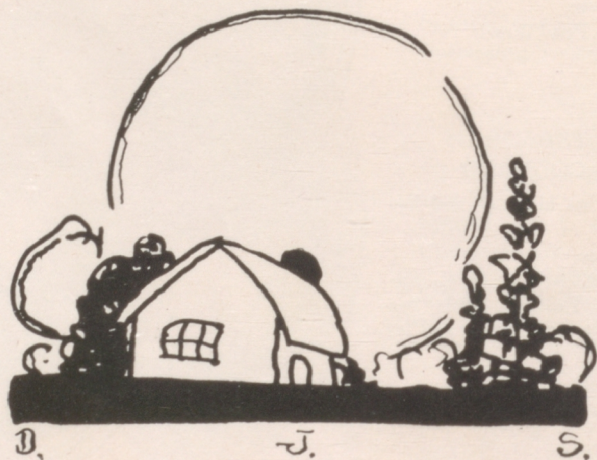
Entered 1912, from Moscow High School, Idaho.

LUCILLE HYANES

"And still she smiled and talked a little."

General Course.

Entered 1913, from John Marshall High School, Chicago.



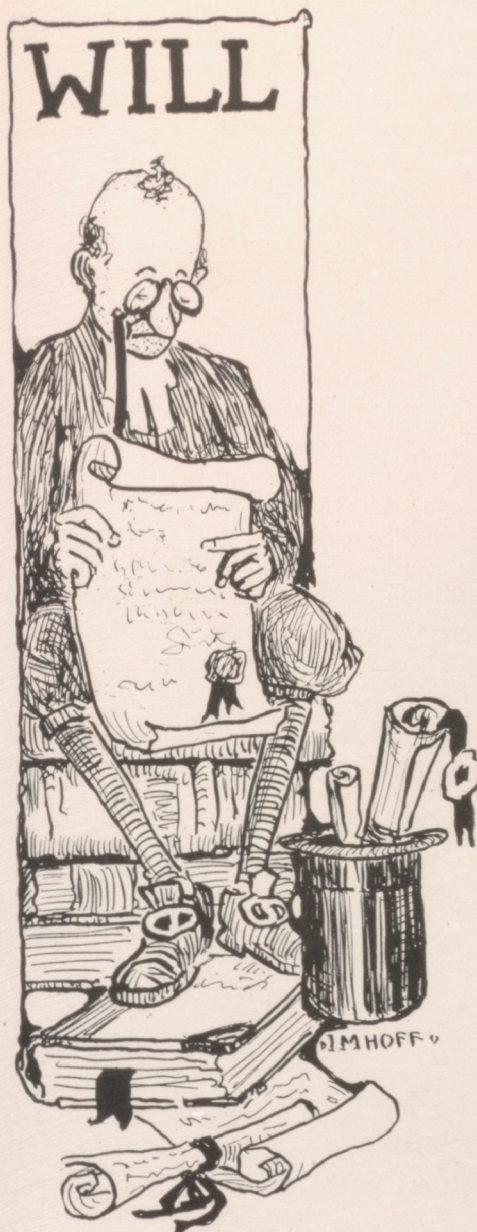
HOROSCOPES

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Expression	Ten Years Hence
A. Dahlstrom	Calm	Boosting the Engineering Society	To keep Helen Knapp	Join the Engineering Society	Head of society
L. Dunn	Lonely	Hopping at the dances	To be a singer	Aw, come off	Vocalist. Who knows where?
R. Dye	Dusky	Being funny	To be funny	I think you're kidding me.	New York Giant
M. France	Prim	Getting in good with Overman	To write a classic	I've got my English.	Teacher in dear old N. C. H. S.
G. Garland	Scared to death	Being nice	To be nice	Oh, dear!	Teaching sewing
E. Hall	Modest	Studying English	To be appreciated	Did I pass?	English teacher
D. Hamilton	Shrimp	Collecting 50 cents	To get tall	Give me a tall one.	Civil engineer
H. Hansen	Darling	Strolling in the halls	To murder the faculty	I should say not.	Still after the faculty
M. Hunter	Just so, so	Public speaking	To "Ketcham"	Oh, my!	Having caught aim, you know the rest
H. Imhoff	Artistic	Acting natural	To fuss every Freshie girl	Oh, gee!	Artist
B. Jerard	Quiet	Playing regular ball for N. C. H. S.	To beat L. C. H. S. to death	Put it over!	Chicago Cub
J. Jones	Sweet	Getting English for one man	To get thru with English VII	Haven't I met you some place before?	Bossing Leo
H. Karlson	Bashful	Unknown	Not to be known	I don't know	Deserted
G. Ketcham	Angelic	Keeping a L. C. H. S. girl jealous	To be a society leader	Have you seen Ross?	Married
G. Knight	Cunning	Falling in love	To be tough	She won't speak to me.	Hunting a wife
M. Magee	Terribly cute	Being a good joke editor	To be a good joke editor	I have a man that comes out to see me.	Mrs. D. F.
N. McCall	Neglected	Teasing G. Knight	To sing to perfection "Rag-time Soldier Man"	None	Second Calve
M. Oliver	Easy going	Bluffing	To make no noise	Take a look at me	Still at school
A. Paine	Distracted	Writing heavy editorials	To walk to Frisco	Get your stuff in for The Tamarack	Editor Bingville Bugle
B. Robinson	Dizzy	Arguing	To find a girl	I wonder what's the matter with my auto?	A great historian
L. Rowell	Backward	Dancing	To learn to rag	May I have a dance?	Selling tickets for Barnum & Bailey
R. Schelling	Spanish	Acting	To make E. Poe a good wife as Beatrice	We should fuss	A little bit of everything
L. Smith	Handsome	Carrying five subjects	To be an actor	Get me?	Second Max Figma
G. Vaughn	Dejected	Giving Advice	To be an orator	This here play!	Conductor on an elevated railroad
G. White	Abbreviated	Walking with Dutch	To continue to walk with Dutch	Oh, John!	Mrs. VanDisse!

Name	Appearance	Occupation	Ambition	Expression	Ten Years Hence
H. Wiegman	Formal	Getting her Dutch	To get 99.99 in German	You can't tell what may happen.	German teacher in Hill-yard
D. Wilson	Inspired	Acting dignified	To gain distinction	Do tell!	President of Dry Farmers' Association
W. Wilson	Stern	Reciting	To be a second Bryan	Unprintable	Corking bottles in pop factory
E. O'Neil	Striking	Visiting the woods	To be "Frenchmaid"	Love me and the world is mine.	On the Orpheum circuit
G. Ownbey	Affable	Talking	To get "Curly"	Oh, Red!	Settled down in Libby
E. Poe	Knightly	Fussing P. G.'s	To have the last scene left in	Just as you say!	Leading man at the American
E. Polson	Congenial	Making candy	To star in Latin VIII	Oh, that's all right.	Head candy maker at Clayman's
D. Rader	Scowling	Ushering at the Clem	To sit by a "Ceder"	Side exit, please!	Head usher at the Clem
A. Simon	Dutchy	Arguing with Lineau	To get married	Ach, Louie!	Lawyer in Hillyard
M. White	Jolly	Running Overman	To be some tennis shark	Oh, ye gods!	On Orpheum circuit
F. Wilburn	Downcast	Keeping quiet	To be a stenographer	Mercy! Mice!	with Eva O'Neil
G. Woodcock	Henpecked	Kidding Miss Kaye	To graduate	Who told you?	Wilson's private secretary
C. Williams	Stubby	Playing tennis	To be a six-footer	I didn't get that far.	Still trying to graduate
R. Tewinkel	Innocent	Laughing	To make John talk	Say something nice about me.	Tyler's successor
M. Allensworth	Buxom	Writing oration	To keep her suitors separated	I swan!	John has spoken
V. Aram	Serene	Breaking hearts	To get a millionaire	Isn't he cute?	Still having trouble with suitors
J. Barline	Blank	Running papa's car	Who knows?	Oh, well!	Millionaire
M. Blaise	Happy	Writing to Chicago	To get back to Chicago	Honey, listen!	Full-fledged chauffeur
S. Blanchard	Happy-go-lucky	Speeding	To evade the cop	Drop it!	Old maid?
H. Campbell	Slow	Getting his shorthand	To be a farmer	What's the hurry?	Still speeding
J. Bergren	Lofty	Studying in class	To count the electoral ballots	Believe me!	Farming
G. Collin	Sleepy	Looking Grave	Hasn't any	Please go way and let me sleep.	Janitor at Wentworth's
E. Deck	Solemn	Being good	To always be good	No one ever heard it.	N. P. night-watchman
M. Furst	Cute	Kidding	To grow	Hello, baby doll.	She was too good for this world
J. Goddard	Distinguished	Collecting class dues	To get all dues in	Don't forget your money.	Still trying to grow
E. Hix	Scholarly	Studying	To find more time to study	Never had any	Treasurer of U. S. Professor Hix
L. Johnston	Elongated	Making no noise	Not to be seen	Mum is the word.	Teacher in deaf mute school

<i>Name</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Expression</i>	<i>Ten Years Hence</i>
H. Knapp	Winsome	Minding her own business	Ask her	May be.	Governess of Washington
H. Lydig	Lonely	Looking wise	To write 200 words per	By heck, I hit the wrong key.	Peddling peanuts
F. McKeen	Neat	Chattering	To be a good girl	What's the use?	Vocal soloist
R. Noerenberg	Blondy	Promoting silence	To go to Minnesota	What's the matter?	Living in St. Paul
C. Phillips	Athletic	Training	To beat Davies in the mile	Now, in Colfax—	Marathon runner
W. Powell	Noisy	Flunking in Dutch	To take life easy	Gee whiz!	Living the simple life
E. Rancy	Skinny	Trying to stop giggling	To be leading man in the class play	I'd hate to tell it.	Head waiter
J. Reed	Deep	A mystery	To always look thoughtful	Oh, ginger!	Manager of a pickle factory
B. Rhodes	Tiny	Getting rattled	Undecided	Are you sincere?	Selling ribbon
H. Smith	Fussy	Fussing	To be loved	Isn't that a shame?	Suffragette
h. Steele	Dainty	Developing	To be the strong man in a circus	Well, I don't know.	Selling lace
A. Swanson	Pretty	Hunting for Hertha	Has not been discovered	Oh, Hertha!	Taking care of Hertha
C. Swanson	Petite	Parading the halls	To be graceful	You look good to me.	Still trying to be graceful
M. Teel	Saintly	Dancing	To get a stand-in with the faculty	Program is full.	Head of dancing school
A. Tong	Small but nifty	Doing nothing	To look sweet	I am little, but oh, my!	Still doing nothing
M. Nash	Busy	Selling announcements	To make a speech	I think—	Behind the glove counter
L. Danaldson	Fuzzy	Primping	To sell tickets in a penny parlor	Oh, mother!	Mrs. K. K. K.
E. Donovan	Jappy	Lassoing flies for Barnum's circus	To be a clown in the circus	Bluey! Bluey!	Ring master in the big tent
L. Dvgart	Studious	Getting out of Latin tests	To be a teacher	Did you get out?	Principal in the Bingville high school
S. English	Square	Bluffing	To talk Miss Snyder into passing him	Ask me.	Still Bluffing
C. Fox	Lean	Making a hit	To be assistant "Treasurer"	Isn't he grand?	Manager of the "Treasurer"
E. Halstead	Pleasant	Blushing	To make 60 a minute	Mama told me not to.	Florence Wilburn's rival
S. Hill	Lengthy	Smiling	To be an electrician	Got your's done?	T. Edison's rival
L. Hill	Fair	Playing basket-ball	To get through in German	Can you read this stuff?	Physical director at Bingville high school
K. Holt	Dimpled	Carrying his horn around	To be a musician	Is that right?	Playing at the Lyric
W. Howe	Nuf sed	Defending socialism	To be socialist president	Down with the corporations!	Reforming the government
L. Hyanes	Curly	Keeping away from the boys	To be a psychologist	We didn't do that in Chicago.	Still keeping away from them

<i>Name</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Expression</i>	<i>Ten Years Hence</i>
K. Krogstad	Arrogant	Managing the class	To be a favorite with the girls	We should worry!	Sorting toothpicks in a boarding house
H. Nourse	Bricky	Practicing	To be a country school teacher	Oh, looky!	Playing for the movies
P. Benschotter	Wise	Getting out of History tests	To get out of History	Got your lesson?	History teacher
L. Bledsoe	Patriotic	Talking	To be an orator	Let me talk.	Talking for Edison's talking movies
G. Burton	Neat	Typ. for Mr. Hargreaves	Not to be called a stenographer	Speed to this machine.	Some stenographer
B. Chandler	Curly	Curling her hair	To keep her hair the same old way	Oh, heavens!	Regular little artist
L. Cole	Ancient	Studying	To become famous	Guess!	Who knows?
M. Cowgill	Shorty	Giving orders from headquarters	To sit with every boy in Senior A class	Perfectly adorable!	Bossing the little ones
G. Crampton	Husky	Speeding	To be a chauffeur	Honk! Honk!	Some chauffeur
D. Dave	Somewhat strong	Teasing Nellie McCol	To get John	My John!	Still after John
R. Tate	Dirby	Fussing	To have the Tam. all ads.	Had your picture taken?	Advertising manager of Dr. Lineau's Hair Tonic
B. Merrick	Satisfactory	Making up English	To get even with the world	Better late than never.	"All's well that ends well"



Class Will

K NOW all men by these presents that we, the *clarissima classa* of June, 1913, feeling that the time approaches when we shall no longer enter the portals of our old alma mater, and being of sound mind and body, do give, devise and bequeath the following, to-wit, namely:

I. To the Senior B's the south-eastern corner of the auditorium, on condition that Jack Abrams lead all the yells.

II. To the next joke editor of the Tamarack all the superfluous jokes which are now in the possession of Mary Magee.

III. To Mr. Hargreaves sundry members of our class, to be dealt with as special subjects and to be thoroughly instructed in the art of graduation.

IV. To the next occupants of the room presided over by Mr. Sawtelle the privilege of reporting five minutes late to the library at noon.

V. To the Juniors our indomitable class spirit, in hopes that it will be a credit to the North Central when they graduate.

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IV. To any student of the North Central on our graduation day one copy of our book entitled "The Narrow Path; or How to Make a Success of High School." We especially recommend this to certain of the underclassmen who have not yet equaled that record set by us in the days gone by.

VII. To the Tamarack, to be used at their pleasure, the Bunn-Holden jokes for at least another year.

VIII. To the Freshman B class our heartiest congratulations for having passed by that stage in which it is hard to distinguish them from "the green verdure which covereth the hillside."

IX. To the prospective Senior A's the privilege of Room 8 during study periods, to be utilized as a lounging room for avoiding softening of the brain caused by too much concentration of the mind. It may also be used for perfecting gymnastic feats for amateur night at the Spokane Theater. The floor is built of soft wood, so no serious accidents will result from the effects of gravitation.

X. To the Sophomores our ability to get good grades. This is an exceedingly generous offer on our part and will no doubt be appreciated by that class. To them, also, we leave the special duty of seeing that the Freshmen are kept diligently at work during the noon hour gathering the orange peels and scraps of lemon pie and depositing the same in the numerous receptacles provided for the same.

XI. To the next Class Will committee, the pleasure, enjoyment, worry, brain rack, and labor which we three have undergone, and hope the fates will be kinder to them.

XII. Finally, to the students, faculty and school as a whole, we bequeath the selected list of pictures to adorn and beautify the building and to be an inspiration for generations to come.

We leave our best wishes to all the school organizations, and wish them an ever-brighter future.

We desire each provision to be acted upon as designated.

(Signed) CLASS OF JUNE, 1913.





Scenes from the Happy Days



LE ROY HUNTER

When Le Roy Hunter had to go to California for his health, The Tamarack lost an exceptionally good Advertising Manager and the school, an exceptionally good student. He was Assistant Advertising Manager of the first Tamarack Annual and Advertising Manager of The Tamarack during the past year. The prosperity of The Tamarack and the friendly relations we hold with the business firms of the city are due largely to his work and influence. While in school he was President of his class and Grand Master of Deltas Society, and so for the school and for itself The Tamarack wishes him the best of health and success, and regrets that he could not have become a North Central alumnus.

EDITORIAL

What a High School Education Means

TO MANY it is a big problem whether, at graduation from grade school, they will go to high school or to work. Oftentimes the prospects of a good position are alluring, and the stories of the uselessness and foolishness of going to high school put a check upon their natural inclination. Could we, as Seniors, convince the hesitating grade school graduate and the discouraged Freshman that a high school education is worth while? What have our four years in the North Central High meant to us?

In the first place, our studies, tho often belittled and harshly criticised, are of great value to us. By studies we mean not only those which can actually be made to earn bread and butter, but the cultural studies as well. The value of the practical things, shorthand, book-keeping, manual arts or domestic science, is obvious. Their purpose is to give the pupil something by which he can more easily earn his living, and this they accomplish. But the benefits of the cultural subjects, foreign languages, the sciences, mathematics, are often lost sight of in the clamor for practical things.

However, they exist and are no less potent because less talked about. Take physics as an example. It is classed as a cultural*subject, yet it is hard to

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distinguish between its practical parts and its cultural parts. Nevertheless, it has this in common with a cultural subject, that it opens up an entirely new line of thought to the student. He understands things he did not understand before. It heightens his enjoyment and interest in life. In the present scientific age our attention is daily called to a multitude of things to understand which we must have some scientific knowledge. Without such knowledge we are dropped from the conversation, we are left behind to plod along in ignorance of the marvelous inventions which daily surround us and make it easier for us to live. The same is true of any other line of study, be it art, literature, history, science, languages, or mathematics. The ability to understand and appreciate what is going on in the world; the ability to distinguish the good from the bad in art, literature, drama, and music, is what differentiates the cultured person from the uncultured.

Selecting one's life work is a mighty big task. A great many failures in this world are due to the simple reason that the person was not engaged in the work that fitted him. Elbert Hubbard says, "Each one does—or should do—the thing that he can do best." To try and decide too soon what that thing is is almost certain to bring disaster. No one ought to decide before a careful investigation of what the various fields of endeavor have to offer. To decide without the broadening influence of a high school education is like jumping off a cliff blindfolded when a glance around might reveal a safe and easy path. If for no other reason that that it shows to the student the variety of things he may do and gives him a chance to select the ones he is interested in, the high school would be worth while.

Outside of the regular curriculum, the school has much to offer. Its literary, dramatic, and debating societies; its language, science, and mathematics clubs; its musical and journalistic organizations, and its athletic teams give the student a wide range to pick from. If he has any talent or interest in any of these lines he can find the means for developing that talent in these organizations. But more important, perhaps, than the developing of special talent is the social training these societies afford. Social training and social grace play an important part in the life of today. Competition is keen. If you have ideas you must be able to communicate them to other men and women or else you are little better off than the person who does not have them. We have to live with people; we have continually to meet strangers, and the sooner we acquire the ability to be at our ease in the presence of others, to meet strangers graciously and to enter into conversation freely and interestedly, the better it will be for us and the people we have to associate with. The "grind" and the "bookworm" are looked down on and condemned because they can not

become interested in other people's work for the simple reason that they have failed to learn to co-operate with their fellow men, to give and take in helpful exchange of thoughts and personalities. Many times people who at heart are not "digs" have the appearance of such and are treated as such simply because they do not know how to let themselves go, to enter into the life of the school. And in nine cases out of ten this is due to a lack of social training and nothing else. It is to supply this training that the high school has many of its clubs, and more would be desirable. If taken in the right spirit and the right proportion, this social life is beneficial to all and necessary to some.

Besides meeting in a general way, a boy or girl of high school age needs his or her special companions and friends. The boy or girl out of school has little opportunity to meet or associate with young people of his own age. Consequently the most helpful friendships are either forced or lacking. In high school, however, there is a great variety; and friendships, lasting and beneficial, spring up naturally and freely. And, as we have so often been told, there are few things in this world finer or nobler than friendship.

As a character developer the high school is a powerful agent. Though we have no classes in morals or ethics, the students themselves are quick to observe and to act. Conceit, selfishness, cowardice, meanness, and baseness are summarily dealt with. The "swell-head" or the "bully" does not thrive well in our modern high schools. There are too many others to associate with who are more desirable. The school itself teaches loyalty, devotion and sacrifice. There is loyalty for the class, the society, or the team, but above all there is loyalty for the school. We are made to feel that it is our school; that we are responsible for what it is and we are to stand by it, win or lose. It is not a bad thing, this loyalty. You know you can not be selfish and really loyal. Loyalty to a cause requires forgetfulness of self in the interest of that cause. It is well to learn the lesson of loyalty.

But in all this remember that we get out of high school just what we put into it. It is an institution whose possibilities for the development of individuals are immense. But, to use the common phrase, it is up to the individual as in everything else in life. Do not judge it by those who have gone to it out of necessity, with the expressed intention of getting only as much fun as possible out of it, and who have failed. But judge it rather by those who have come with open minds—willing to receive what it has to give, and with enough purpose to follow to some extent its teachings. If you find they have been harmed by what they have learned, then the high school is open to severe condemnation; if not, your condemnation is unjust and the high school is hindered in its work, and boys and girls are made to suffer through your ignorance of the facts.

The Tamarack

WITH this issue the Tamarack has completed another prosperous year, and we feel justified in stating the conclusions and the ideals we have formed as to what the school paper should be. In the first place, it might be well to consider who reads the Tamarack. There are, obviously, two classes—students and teachers, or those directly interested in the school, and second, those outside of school. At first glance it might appear that the first class forms the vast majority, but when we consider the parents and friends of the students, the numerous exchanges and the advertising firms, who carefully examine and quickly criticise our book, we see there are others to be reckoned with.

How best to turn out a paper that will be interesting to both students and outsiders alike is a difficult task.

In the first place, the paper must be the school's own as far as possible. Nothing should be allowed in it, either literary or artistic, which is not the product of the school. The ideal school paper would be one that the students themselves would print. But not only should it be its own, but it should be its best. There is some talent along almost every line, exhibited in a school as large as ours. The school paper should have the best products of this. It should be the means by which the outsider may gauge the literary and the artistic talent, the business ability and the originality of the school.

In the second place, it should record what the school is, what it is doing and what it hopes and plans to do. It should be a permanent record of our advancement and our improvement. It should be the place in which individual accomplishments are recognized and praised.

In the third place, it should have a purpose; it should be a force working for good in school life. It could be developed into a better means of communication between faculty and students. It should publish the opinions of the teachers on subjects of interest to the pupils; it should express the students' viewpoint on scholastic questions. Its work should be to build up, not to tear down; to point out not the bad, but the good.

Lastly, it has to be alive, interesting, attractive. All the good thoughts and ideas in the world would go to waste if they were not put into such an entertaining form that they would be read. Humor and lots of it, originality, pictures and beauty are essential to a school paper.

This is a mere sketch of what we deem the ideal paper. One short semester is little time, indeed, in which to accomplish much or to make many changes, but it has given us a chance, and we believe we have made a beginning. The Tamarack has meant much to us, and we will always watch its growth and improvement with especial interest.

When We are Alumni

LET us not imagine that our period of usefulness to the N. C. H. S. ends upon the night of June 12. What we do after that night will have as much effect, if not more, upon the standing and reputation of our high school as what we have done while in it. We are given to the high school almost as raw material. It is her duty to make the fundamental impression. So, often times, we are excused for our mistakes and failures in high school because we don't know, but when we have graduated we are expected to know, and whatever we do reflects credit or discredit upon our school. Recently Mr. Hargraves learned that one of our alumnae was doing so well in a certain college that it will now take any North Side graduate whom Mr. Hargraves will recommend. What a great deal of difference it would have made to the standing of the school and to many individuals personally if that one person had failed to make good. Let us remember, then, that our work for the school has just begun, and let us conduct ourselves so that no one need ever be ashamed or sorry that we graduated from the North Central High School.

Youth

THE world today is the young man's world. In all lines of work, from teaching to ditch-digging, it is the young men and women who are securing the positions. Not always young in number of years, but young because they possess the characteristics of youth.

Youth is life. Old age is death; but both are under our control. We can always be alive and young, or we can grow old and die before our life is really begun.

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The characteristics of youth are boundless enthusiasm, indefatigable energy, optimism, love, credulity, cleanliness, generosity, frankness and freedom. To possess these is to be young; to be young is to be happy; to be happy is to live. You never saw an enthusiastic pessimist nor an unhappy optimist. A grouch and generosity will not live together. If you have one, you can not have the other. Which will you choose?

As Seniors we are going out into the world in the very midst of our youth. It is a hard thing for a boy or girl not to be alive and young, to look on the rosy side, and to enjoy everything with keen thrills of pleasure. There is no sadder sight than a boy or girl who is not young, who lacks the enthusiasm, the wit, the sparkle, the capacity to play and laugh.

We are told that after high school we are expected to do away with such childish things. We are taught, indirectly if not directly, that the ideals and ambitions of youth are wild, impracticable; that the sooner we get such notions out of our head the better, because good naturedness and happiness are incompatible with success; that frankness and generosity serve only to give others the opportunity to take advantage of us; that the enthusiast is a fool. Nor is it enough for us simply to deny the fact. A denial will avail us nothing. We have seen too many men who have started out brimful of youth and youth's high ideals who have forsaken those ideals, who have sacrificed their youth, and yet are today counted as eminently successful and respected men and women. All we can do is to repeat that we believe the ideals of youth are right and practicable and then try to live them and, by living them, prove them to a skeptical world. Perhaps it will not be so hard, after all.

May Day

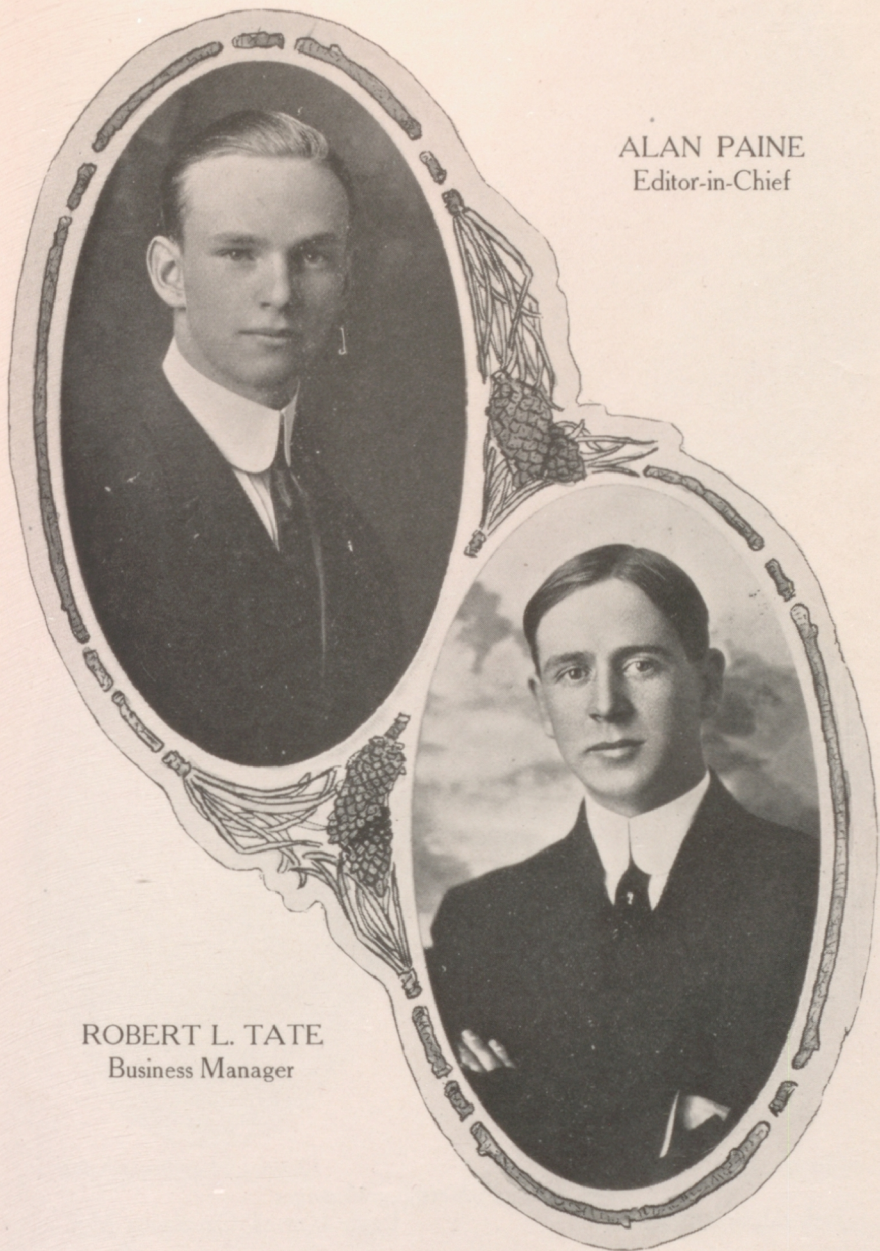


OUR recent May Day exercises were a complete and distinct success. It was the first time in the history of the school that a convocation has been conducted entirely by the girls, and they clearly demonstrated their ability to put on a pleasing entertainment. But of more importance than that the school enjoyed a pleasant forenoon was the fact that it gave the girls a chance to become acquainted with one another and to develop among themselves the spirit of cooperation. The girls do not have the opportunities of forming the friendships among the members of their own sex as do the boys of the school. There are three societies exclusively for boys, besides the many athletic teams, where the boy has the best chance for forming friendships and doing cooperative work. Why not, then, make our May Day Festival an annual affair, always to be conducted exclusively by the girls? Why not make it an affair always to be looked forward to, and the Queen of the May an honor to be prized?

Fifty-six

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

ALAN PAINE
Editor-in-Chief



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Business Manager



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Donald Hamilton, Artist

Otto Warn, Advertising Manager

Jack Abrams, Sports

Leslie Rowell, Circulation Mgr.



Pearl Oman, Societies

Donald Wilson, Photographer

Mr. Prickett, Faculty Director

Margaret Hindley, Exchanges

Jules Gindraux, Artist



Mary Magee, Jokes

Aden Keele, Current Events

Gertrude Upton, Alumni

Howard Imhoff, Art Editor

Irene Guernsey, Literary

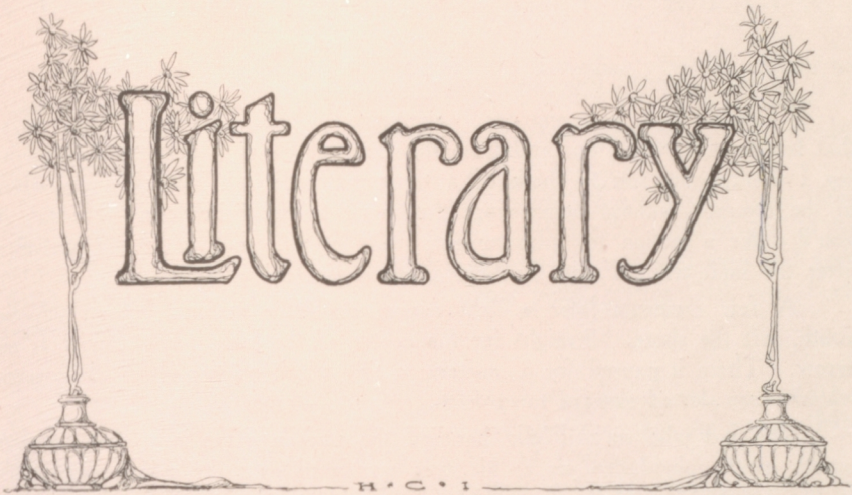
THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



The Band That Led Us On To Victory

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE





Recipe: How to Make Two Equal One

H, UNCLE DOVER—I mean Mr. Chairman—a brilliant idea just struck me. Now, I've had some experience with summer resorts before, and I know that there's always at least ten pretty girls to every fellow, so its rather hard to keep from starting a flirtation—nothing serious of course—but, as the Mathematicians are out here to rest and sort of get reacquainted, I move that any member found guilty of being, well, being more than civil to one of the fair sex, be severely punished—say, required to do the hardest problem in algebra or something of that sort."

"Second the motion," shouted the other three Mathematicians, gleefully.

"Perhaps," said Uncle Dover, "it would be well to have Harold define 'civil' before we vote on that motion."

"Certainly," said Harold, highly pleased with himself. "Civil means—being civil means—why, being civil, don't you know!"

"I see," said Uncle Dover dryly, when order was once more restored. "Being civil means, I take it, that one must not dance more than thirteen consecutive dances on the same evening with the same girl, or sit side by side in the same hammock with her more than all the time, or something of that sort. Very well, it has been moved and seconded that any member of the Mathematicians found guilty of being more than civil to one of the fairer sex be required to solve the most difficult problem in elementary algebra, accuser the chooser, I suppose. If there is no discussion, all in favor signify—"

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"Aye!" shouted four lusty voices.

"The decision is unanimous," announced Uncle Dover. "Now, boys, that finishes everything up, and from this moment on until next Sunday morning I don't want you to think of a thing mathematical, but enjoy yourselves to the utmost—without being more than civil to the fairer sex. Harold, if you'll make a motion for adjournment, we'll let you go over to the postoffice after the mail while I and the boys finish straightening up camp."

A few moments later a light canoe, skillfully manned by an athletic youth, left the shore. Straight for the center of the lake it shot, swift as an arrow. There it paused for a moment, a tiny speck on the glassy, blue-green waters; then darted onward towards the opposite shore.

The lad who so skillfully handled the paddle drew in a deep, joyous breath of the pine-laden air as his eyes wandered over the shimmering water to the forest-clad hills beyond. How cool, how calm, how far removed it seemed from the hot, roaring city which he had left but the evening before. This—this was God's country—as yet unpolluted by the grasping hand of mortals—where a man could breathe and feel and live.

The slender paddle faltered for an instant as the boy drank in the beauty of the scene, like a panorama before him. At last his eyes went back across the sparkling wavelets—back to the camp—and he unconsciously let his mind wander back over the last six weeks, spent in company with those three jolly boys and Uncle Dover. They had been weeks of toil, 'tis true; but what fun they had had together! It had been hard, at first, to stay in the hot city pegging away at uninteresting algebra problems when every fiber of his young body clamored for the fresh, the green, the open. But if it had been hard for him, what must it have been for his Uncle Dover, who was unselfishly giving up his annual trip abroad that he might aid his desultory nephew, along with a few schoolmates, in grasping a few rudiments of mathematics, and, incidentally, in making up a necessary credit or two.

For six weeks had Uncle Dover toiled with the boys, carefully explaining, cheerfully repeating, in order to imprint deep in their memories the basic principles of elementary algebra. And the boys, by dint of much bluffing, although Uncle Dover, like most other teachers, declared himself absolutely unbluffable, had convinced that gentleman that they knew so much about elementary algebra that they could well afford a week's vacation at a nearby summer resort. So the camp of the Mathematicians had been established, and now six heavenly days stretched before them in which they had to think of nothing mathematical, and, thanks to Harold's splendid foresight, were also to be free from flirtations with the fairer sex.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

By this time Harold was approaching the postoffice. As he guided his canoe alongside of the wharf and jumped out, a merry voice greeted him:

"Why, Harold Sweeny! What luck! And just when we needed another man, too!"

The voice was distinctly feminine, and Harold's heart gave a great, loud jump as he recognized pretty Bessie Rivers, and beside her the girl of his dreams, the girl whom he had been trying to meet for ages and ages and ages. What luck, indeed! Harold forgot all about being merely civil, and fairly beamed with joy.

Miss Rivers was rattling on:

"You're just in time! We just had to have another man to make out the set. Oh, Mr. Sweeny, excuse me. Have you ever met my cousin, Miss Rhodes? I know you're going to be the best of friends."

Harold felt all the blood in his body rush to his face as he grasped the outstretched hand and mumbled some meaningless things. The supreme moment had come—and found him dumb. He hastily withdrew his hand and twisted his almost-new hat into an unrecognizable knot as he gazed beseechingly into the lady's eyes.

Miss Rivers continued:

"We mustn't waste a single precious moment now, because heaven knows when we'll find another young man to play tennis with us. They're so scarce at summer resorts. Come, Mr. Sweeny, you and I are to play against Lila and Mr. Peppergrass!"

"Lila—what a divine name!" thought Mr. Sweeny, as he scowled fiercely at the insignificant little cad who had answered to the name of Mr. Peppergrass, and took his appointed place.

The game progressed splendidly in spite of the fact that Mr. Peppergrass insisted in telling how the ball ought to be hit instead of hitting it, and the hour of noon was fast approaching before Miss Rhodes remembered that she had a pressing engagement with her mother at the hotel at once. Mr. Peppergrass was so sorry, but his physicians absolutely forbade any violent exercise, especially rowing. Perhaps Mr. Sweeny could be prevailed upon to take Miss Rhodes across in his canoe as a personal favor to Mr. Peppergrass! Could he? Well, just ask him.

"I am so frightened," said Miss Rhodes, sweetly, as he assisted her into the canoe. "I've never been in a canoe before in my life, but I trust you implicitly, Mr. Sweeny."

Harold had a wild desire to paddle straight to the center of the lake and turn the canoe turtle just to show her that she had not placed her trust in vain.

But better judgment prevailed, and he paddled to her hotel instead, where nothing would do but he absolutely must meet her family.

The sun was well on its way towards the west before Harold broke away, and then only by promising to be a party to a huckleberry hunt in the nearby mountains on the next day. The Mathematicians, if they had their suspicions, said naught; and Harold, believing in that good old adage which says that what a person knows not harms him not, chatted on many subjects save the one which was nearest his heart, namely, Miss Lila Rhodes.

So the days sped by, and still the Mathematicians spake not, though every morning saw Harold seek the hotel not to return until late evening. Thursday had come and gone and Friday was fast following suit. Only Saturday was left, for early Sunday morning camp would be broken. And Harold was on the ragged edge of misery, for he was hopelessly, desperately in love with Lila Rhodes, and he dared not confess to his camp-mates, and had not yet been able to screw his courage to the point of confessing to Miss Rhodes—so he suffered.

All that morning they had played tennis together, and each time the score was "forty love" in her favor, for Harold was too disheartened even to play tennis. Now, as the warm afternoon sun beat down upon the court, making it more pleasant elsewhere, they were seated together in a hammock built for two and two only. A longer silence than usual had fallen between them. A playful little breeze seized a bewitching little ringlet of red-brown hair and dashed it mischievously against Harold's cheek.

"Lila," he said, suddenly made bold by the curl, "won't you give me just one tiny little kiss?"

Lila heard, but with true feminine coyness heeded not. She wrinkled her pretty forehead into a most thoughtful frown, and said:

"Mr. Sweeny, I'm in dreadful trouble. I wonder if you can help me?"

"I'd do anything in the world for you," said Mr. Sweeny, vainly endeavoring to imprison her two hands in his.

"I've been thinking and thinking," she said innocently, "but I just can't remember how to make two equal one."

Harold bit a big swear word into bits and swallowed the pieces. Of course it had to be mathematics. Cruel, cruel fate! Now, if she had asked him to scan the very worst lines in Virgil he would have risen to the occasion like the man he was. But now—now he must confess to this girl—this girl whom he had led to believe he could do anything under the sun—confess that he knew nothing whatever of mathematics in spite of the fact that his uncle had spent six long weeks in trying to inoculate his brain with a few rudiments

of algebra.

Meanwhile, Miss Lila Rhodes smiled her sweetest, most tantalizing smile up into the handsome face—such a tantalizing smile, in fact, that great love which had been welling up in Harold's heart for generations broke forth with no bounds and he bent down to claim his just reward by force if necessary. But Lila was too quick for him. She suddenly slipped from his embrace and danced away with a backward taunt to call for the kiss when he could make two equal one.

For hours he sat there thinking, thinking. He knew he wouldn't dare to go to Uncle Dover with his troubles, for that would lead to countless embarrassing questions and—why couldn't he think? Not three days before they had come on their outing had Uncle Dover showed them the way to make one equal nothing. If he could get that far it would be plain sailing, for one added to each side of the equation would do the trick.

But he couldn't get that far, and as Lila had vanished into space he entered his canoe and paddled slowly homeward, there to immediately seek his troubled couch to avoid the satirical remarks of the other Mathematicians, who had all at once discovered that something was radically wrong with Harold and insisted that he must be in love. Many and varied were his dreams that night, but all were centered around the central idea that two had to equal one, and many times did he have it all figured out—all but the last step—when some heartless camp-mate would snore prodigiously and his dreams would go scurrying to oblivion.

At last morning dawned, but still two would not equal one. Harold was disconsolate. He could not face the other Mathematicians—he absolutely could not, so he slept, sweetly and peacefully, as they came to arouse him—and for some unaccountable reason let him sleep sweetly and peacefully on. Harold lay there feigning sleep he knew not how long. At last he dropped into a troubled sleep from which he awoke with a clamoring thirst. He raised himself to a sitting position and looked about.

There, right in line with the open tent door, were two Mathematicians in animated conversation with two lady school ma'ams from a neighboring camp. Something in this sight struck Harold as being radically wrong, but he was too thirsty to think more. He made a bee line to the water pail. But on his way there he noted the third Mathematician, grinning sheepishly, take canoe and paddle hotelward—more radically wrong.

By this time Harold had reached the water pail. He eagerly seized the cup and dashed it in. It came out dry.

But a short distance from the camp a little path, almost concealed by

the low underbrush, led into a thick willow grove. Some eight or ten yards further on it suddenly terminated in a small grassy plot in the center of which bubbled a little spring. Here Harold must go before he could quench his burning thirst. And here he went in great haste.

Deadened by self-pity he rushed blindly in "where angels fear to tread." For there, in that open plot, was another representative of the school ma'am camp and before her was Uncle Dover, on bended knee, vowing that he would love, honor, and obey her for ever and ever and ever.

Dumfounded Harold stood for a moment, and then—light dawned.

"Uncle Dover," he fairly shouted, "how do you make two equal one?"

"Go to—the minister!" said Uncle Dover.

ELIZABETH FARQUHAR..

Mr. Rat

The rat stayed on the sinking ship,
When all his kin had fled.
I'll see the finish of this trip,
Although it find me dead.

In these few words his nerve he showed,
And set his mind at rest;
Then with a knife his fur he mowed,
Old Neptune's wrath to best.

He counted all the hairs by hand,
And tied them end to end,
Then stretched them till they reached the land
Without a hoop or bend.

He looped the slender thread around
A sapling lithe and strong;
Then pulled the sinking ship aground
Before an anxious throng.

A lauding mob that passed the hat,
And gave him all the dough,
They wished to dub him Mr. Rat,
But he'd not have it so.

—Leslie Hamer.

Golly-gee

"Buzzz-z-z-z!" impatiently rang the bell. Nurse Jerrine Langley laid down her chart report, and, with an amused smile playing about the corners of her mouth, left the chart room and sped lightly down the shadowy, dimly-lit corridor to Room 17.

"Well, Mikey, what is it now?" she asked, for the fourth time that night, as she bent tenderly over the orphan lad, whose red hair, freckled face, steel blue eyes, and illustrative name did homage to the Emerald Isle.

"Say, whot's de toime?"

"It's ten-twenty. Time for good little boys to be asleep, Mikey."

"Humph! I ain't no angel. Say," as he saw her turning to go, "you ain't busy, are you?"

"No, dear, why?" She couldn't help calling him dear. It was true he was troublesome, but she simply couldn't resist his boyishness.

"I wants youse to sit by me, 'cause when a feller can't sleep, he wants to talk to somebody."

Jerrine hesitated; it was against the rules to talk to a patient when not needful, but when she looked at Mikey's eager face, her hesitation changed to sympathy. She smiled and sat down by the bedside.

Outside in the corridor Dr. Allison met Miss Hyde, head night nurse, as she was making her rounds on the floor.

"Miss Hyde, do you know where Miss Langley is? She isn't in the chart room, and no bells are registered. I wanted her help with a patient in Ward 21."

Miss Hyde had listened intently to the doctor. She smiled as she answered: "Why, no! I don't know where she is; I never could keep track of her. She is, perhaps, in some room talking to a patient. She frequently does that, even though I have spoken to her about it." She seemed very much concerned over Miss Langley's conduct.

The doctor remained silent a few moments. "Oh, well, I'll manage my patient, somehow," he nodded, and passed on.

Miss Hyde looked after him, then turned and walked down the end of the hall. Most likely she would find Miss Langley with the little Irish boy, in whom she took such an interest. She looked into Room 17.

"Why, Miss Langley, I've been searching all over for you." Dr. Allison wished your help with a patient."



'She Smiled and Sat Down by the Bedside.'

"Oh! I'm so sorry. I was just going back to the chart room now, since Mikey's asleep. I—"

"No explanations are needed, Miss Langley. The situation is enough. Dr. Allison is very angry with you. He said he couldn't trust you any more and that you were becoming very careless and incompetent with your work."

Jerrine was dazed. She rose, slipped past her triumphant superior, and walked into Dr. Allison's office. The ring on her finger was quickly pulled off. She seized a pen and wrote on a slip of paper:

"I am sending back your ring.—Jerrine."

She mechanically put the ring and note into an envelope and laid it on his desk.

Jerrine was making a round on the floor, and Mikey's room was the last. She looked in through the door, not expecting to be seen.

"Say, youse, come in!" called Mikey.

"Do you want anything?" she asked.

"Yep, come here."

Jerrine came to his bedside.

"Aw, sit down a second! Golly, where's de sparkler?" he asked looking down searchingly at her hand. Jerrine started; "Why, I—I—I lost it!"

"G'wan, you gave it back to Dr. Allison."

"Mikey! I didn't—I—"

"Shucks! you. I seen him lookin' at it. I'se knowed him fer so long, that I knows he ain't de feller to waste toime on anything—less he's awful int'rested." Mikey chuckled. "He was sittin' by my bed lookin' at it. He thought I was sleepin', but he got stung!"

"Oh, Mikey, do be still a minute!" Jerrine dropped into a chair and clasped her chin in her hands. Mikey was content merely to look at the sweet, pretty face beneath the stiff, linen cap, so the room was very quiet.

"Miss Langley, what do you mean by shirking you duty? Here you sit sleeping—actually sleeping!" The angry tones rang through the room.

Mikey was so angry that his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he glared at Miss Hyde.

"I wasn't sleeping, Miss Hyde, I—"

"Yes, you were," insisted the head night nurse, "you—"

But Mikey raised up in his bed, and in a voice that was high-pitched and quivering with emotion, he yelled:

"Lookey here, Miss Hyde, don't youse call her a liar! She's been waitin' on me. Golly gee! 'Cause you're head night nurse ain't de sign you can boss me, and if you tell Doc. Allison on her, I'll biff you one!"

"Mickey, Mickey," begged Jerrine.

Mikey's threats grew fainter and fainter as he muttered them into his pillow, but he still continued to eye Miss Hyde as a dog does an impudent puppy.

"Hereafter, I don't want to see you in such a suspicious attitude," coldly said Miss Hyde. Then she turned on her heel and vanished, much chagrined. She could have had that girl discharged for sleeping on dtuy if that horrid Irish boy hadn't interfered. Then there would be no Jerrine in her way, and in time Doctor Allison would forget. She knew nothing about the ring Jerrine had worn.

Left alone with Mikey, Jerrine burst into tears. "Aw! don't cry like that. De old prune ain't worth a bean," he declared, hotly, in an awkward attempt to comfort her.

"Go—to—sl—sleep!" commanded Jerrine, between an hysterical laugh and a choking sob.

"Golly, gee! I can't sleep with you cryin'!" And then after a moment reminiscently. "I wonder how I'll look with me stick!"

"With—with—your stick?"

"Yep; me wooden leg. Think I'll wobble much?"

"No," she choked, "you'll look splendid. You'll wobble a little at

first, but when you're stronger there'll be no difference. Now, go to sleep!"

Mikey obediently buried his head in his pillow. He laid so still that Jerrine thought he was asleep, so she tip-toed out and hurried back to the chart room. She could do no work on her charts, for a strong, handsome face with the kindest eyes came before her and, try as she would to forget it, it remained.

She sat there a long while, when she heard a foot-step, and Doctor Allison stood looking down upon her.

"Jerrine!" sternly, "I don't intend to be condemned without one word of explanation from you. Why did you send back my ring? Don't you know that I—"

Jerrine held up her hand. "Please don't!" she begged. "I know—I stayed longer than I should have in Mikey's room, but—he needs sympathy so much! I haven't any other excuse to offer." She stopped to choke down the heavy lump in her throat. "And—now since—you—don't trust me—I thought it was best—to send back your ring." Her eyes were dimmed with tears as she spoke slowly, and with difficulty.

"Jerrine! What are you saying? Don't trust you!" You know I do. What makes you think I don't trust you? Tell me, child."

Jerrine shook her head. She never did like people who told tales.

"You never stayed in a room to talk to a patient before, did you?" he asked, gently.

"No!" answered Jerrine.

"I thought as much. Now, you don't need to tell me why you thought I didn't trust you. I'm sure I know."

"And—and, you aren't angry with me?"

"No; but I was just a little surprised and hurt to think you would forget yourself."

Jerrine stood leaning against her chair, her face bright with love and happiness, while the doctor was awed with her womanly sweetness.

"Jerrine," he said, simply holding out his arms.

She started forward, the bright color in her cheeks.

"B-u-z-z-z!" the bell rang, sharply, and angrily.

Jerrine evaded the eager arms, and rushed down the hall. No. 17 again. The doctor followed, more slowly, muttering: "Some confounded idiot is always ringing a bell, anyhow!"

"Say," began Mikey, as Jerrine entered the room, "can't youse pity a feller? Here I've been waitin'—" he looked at her and stopped short.

"Mikey, dear little Mikey!" She knelt down by the bed and put

her arms about him. The doctor entered the room and, kneeling, gathered both Jerrine and Mikey into his arms.

"You think a good deal of Mikey, don't you?" he asked.

Jerrine smiled and nodded her head. Then the doctor whispered something into Jerrine's ear, which Mikey knew must be nice, for his little nurse smiled and nodded again.

"Sonny," said the doctor, as he slipped the ring back on Jerrine's finger, "how would you like to come and live with us?"

Mikey looked from one smiling face to the other, then solemnly declared: "Oh! Golly gee!"

—Pearl E. Oman.

The Souls

(After "Die Seelen" of Leo Sternberg)

Out of their bodies, they,
Out of the world, away,
Gliding, the souls must flee, ever, e'er on;
Moving from place to place,
Deep into unknown space,
Living, yet living, still living, anon.

None of the souls may know,
Where other souls may go:
Each one is moving from star unto star;
Yet, in each soul there rings—
When one of them but sings—
Songs from their own, and home dreams from afar.

There, in the starry wild,
Sing ancient sire and child,
Sing of what is and what still yet must be.
So as the souls are there,
So thou their lot must share,
And their sweet song abide ever with thee.

—Frank Taylor, '15.

Yellow Squaw

FAR from the heavens the moon cast its dim radiance over the sleeping camp of the Sacatchoo Indians. Not a sound stirred the silence save the far-off echo of the night owls as they called to one another, and the soft cadence of the brook as it babbled on its way but a short distance from the camp.

Suddenly, breaking in upon the quietude, the cover of a small wigwam was cautiously thrown back, and a figure ventured forth. It glanced carefully all about and then turning toward the woods at the rear of the camp ran in that direction. On and on sped the small figure until it came to an open space where there was a brook, and then noiselessly sank down upon the soft turf at the side of the running waters. In all her many troubles Yellow Squaw was wont to come to this spot and confide everything in the little brook that always babbled back sympathy, yet never told her secrets. Tonight Yellow Squaw was silent. She sat with her legs curled under her, her hands folded in her lap, and her troubled gaze fastened upon the waters. As she gazed all the miserable past rose up before her. Her mother had deserted her tribe to marry a white man and the tribe had sworn then to take vengeance upon the faithless Indian girl. Of the first few years of her life Yellow Squaw remembered little. It had not been happy for the Indian's and white person's natures are too different to live in peace together. Then the awful day when the tribe had carried out its revenge and seized the little tot and carried her to their camp. She shuddered as she recalled all the sufferings she had been forced to bear, and when she became older they had practically made a slave of her, and had contemptuously given her the name Yellow Squaw. Oh, how she hated them! not a one of them had ever been kind to her. All this she might have borne, but on the morrow it had been ordered that her face was to be scared with red hot irons because some white people passing through had remarked how much fairer she was than the chief's daughter. She was beautiful, and she knew it; and because she was a woman her very soul revolted at the thought that it was to be destroyed. So tonight she had come to the brook to decide her fate. The brook seemed to suggest that she go to her other race—the white people, but at the mere thought of it all her Indian blood rose in revolt against it as strongly as the white blood hated the Indians.

"Oh, Brook," she cried passionately, "what shall Yellow Squaw do?"

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

Her mother's people despise her for her white blood, and her father's people look upon her as something tainted because of her Indian blood."

For a long time she sat quietly, her deep eyes staring dreamily into the sky, her bare feet caressing the little brook beneath her. Suddenly the dreamy look vanished, her black eyes flashed in the dark like points of hard steel, her small hands were clenched hard as she jumped quickly to her feet.

"Before the sun shall rise in heaven, before the camp awakes, I shall have departed from my mother's people, from my father's people, and from all people, to hunt a land where I may rest in peace until the God the white men worship shall take me where I will not be scorned because of my white and Indian blood."

By sunrise every Indian in the camp was stirring, for the searing was to take place early, and there was to be great feasting. It was but a short while till all was ready, and then the old chief himself went to fetch Yellow Squaw, that he might taunt her on the way. The face of the old chief was horrible when he found the tent empty. He realized all too well what had happened.

"Men," he cried, half choking with anger, "Yellow Squaw is gone. I command you find her or your faces shall replace hers this day." His threat was not carried out, though they searched for many days. They relinquished hope of finding her and accepted the situation, confident that the Evil Spirit had claimed its own. But there were some who were not satisfied with this explanation and often wondered just what had become of their beautiful slave. Perhaps if some very distant wood had been given voices they might have told of a little half-breed Indian girl in their midst, far away from the people who had treated her so cruelly, at peace with Nature, the only friend she had.

—Olga Narvestad.



The Rainbow

The loveliness of this great earth to us is oft denied,
From thoughtless lack of interest, and sympathy, and pride;
We overlook the beauties of the flowers, herbs, and trees;
The grandeur of the mountains, and the wonder of the seas;
We miss the sweetest lessons taught by Nature's bounteous grace,
By the roses at the way-side, and the smallest daisy face,
Which is lifted ever skyward in thanks for morning' dew,
And gives alike its fragrance, to lord and servant too.
So God reveals his love to us in many wondrous ways,
Through storms in Winter, and in Spring, through golden sunbeam's rays,
And we can find these beauties with a little thought and care,
If we but stop to realize He made this world so fair.
We can learn from snow-white lilies the thoughts of purity,
And from the warbling skylarks 'tis best to happy be;
So from the rainbow we can learn a lesson great and true,
Of perseverance, hopefulness, and trust, and firmness too.
Now the storm-clouds black the heavens, and the thunder shakes the hills,
The rain descends in torrents, overflowing streams and rills;
Now the strong winds bend the forests and uproot the mighty oak,
But soon the bow in splendor, as if from sleep awoke,
Comes out in all its beauteous hues, both calm and confident,
And rests in the retiring clour, serenely and content.
And so the griefs about us now, though terrible they seem,
Will soon pass on as with the cloud, or as a hideous dream,
And leave us in the sunshine bright of victory secure,
Where we may strive to make our lives more beautiful and pure.

—Lena Wilson.

On The Reef

 VERHEAD from a pale blue sky the dazzling sun beat mercilessly down on the figure of a man lying at full length on the little reef of rock. For hours he had lain in the same position. He might have been dead. The gentle rosy dawn stealing in on the wake of the tropical night had found him in the same position as now. The sun had risen like a ball of fire from the quiet sea and had mounted higher and higher until it was almost overhead, and still the figure had not stirred. Screaming white gulls of the sea dipped and circled over him; flies buzzed about him and crawled over his hands and face, but he lay still. The sun rose higher and higher till it was directly overhead, the rock became hotter and hotter, even the gulls flew away to seek shelter from the fierce rays, but the man slept on in the heat, while the flies crept over his body.

The tide had been coming in steadily now for several hours, and crept slowly up the rock, nearer and nearer to the unconscious figure. Closer and closer it came, foot by foot, inch by inch, until the waters touched the man's body. Then he stirred and, lifting his head from the hot rock, gazed about him, with a groan, and crawled a few feet up the rock and sank down again, only to move farther up as the tide advanced, until he finally staggered to his feet and stumbled to the highest point of the reef.

In his dazed condition all was at first a blur. The fierce rays of the sun, the sparkling waters of the sea, the dancing heat waves above the rock, all blinded him. Finally, however, his eyes became accustomed to the glare. Before him, stretching away to the horizon was the broad expanse of sea, on his right and left, also, danced the blue waters till they met the sky. He turned about and looked before him. The sight that met his eyes, was land, an island, judging by the appearance. Back of the rocky beach was a tropical jungle in which colors of all shades ran riot. Tall trees reared their heights in the air, among which he distinguished the graceful fronds of the palm. But it was not the profusion of bright colors which most held his attention, for wedged between two great rocks, and which the castaway had thought at first a part of the beach itself, was the huge hulk of a dead whale.

When his confused mind allowed him to collect his scattered thoughts, he reviewed the events of the day before. They had been on the tossing raft all night, he and his companion. When morning had come he discovered that

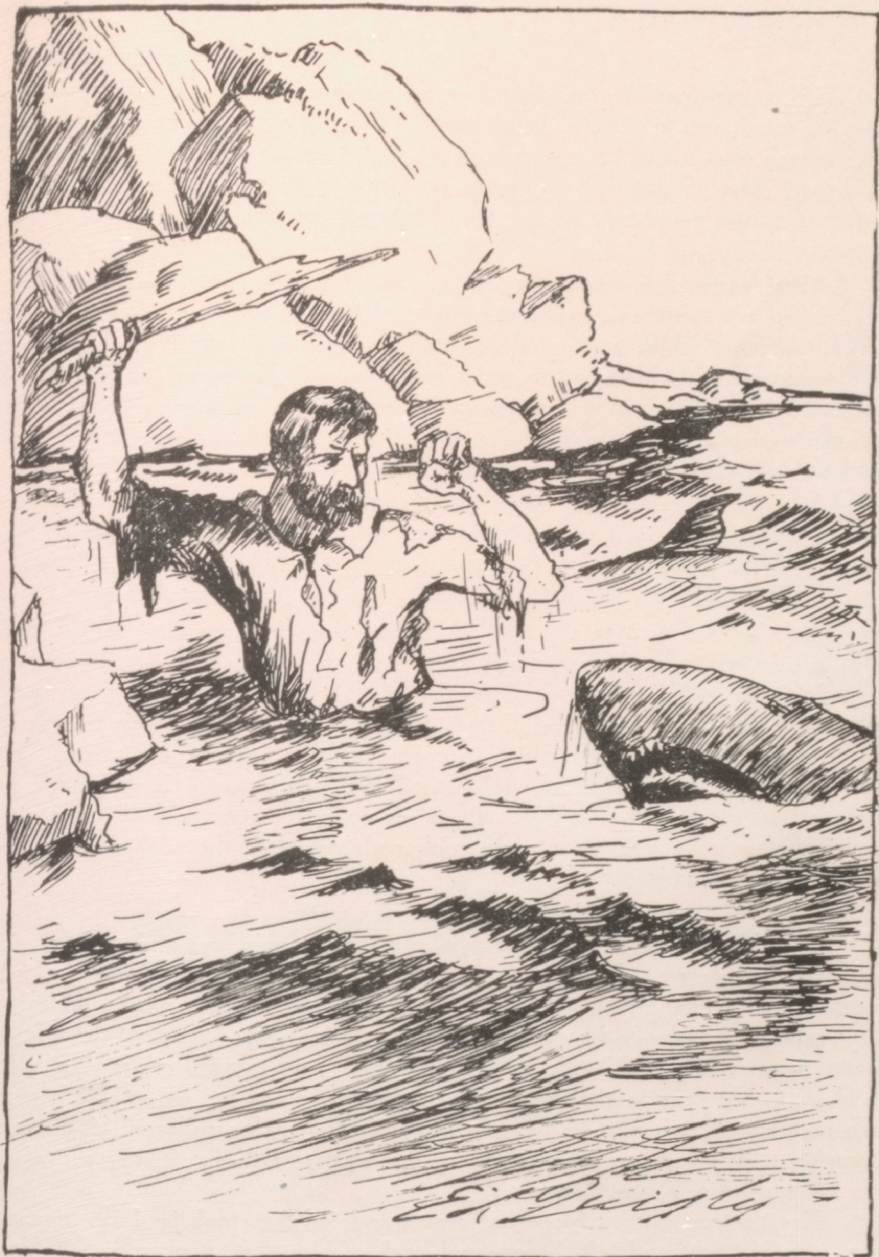
during the night his companion had drunk over half of the water in the canteen and was about to take another drink of the precious fluid. In the fight which followed for the possession of the water flask, the other had suddenly slipped and with a scream had fallen backward off the raft. When he reappeared on the surface of the water he had at once swum for the raft and it was while he was trying to climb upon it that the one on the raft had brought the flask over the unfortunate man's head with all the strength he possessed. With a strangled gurgle he had gone beneath the swirling water. All day the remaining conscious-stricken wretch had clung to the slippery, wave-tossed raft, but with the evening came a change in the elements and soon the waters were in wild commotion. Still the man clung to the refuge while it wallowed in the trough of the sea one instant and in the next was lifted high on the crest of a wave. Each time the raft rose and fell the man could feel it straining apart. Before long only two large timbers remained and to these the half-drowned figure clung with all his strength, till suddenly he felt land under him and the next moment a huge curling wave had dashed him into shallow water and he had staggered to land upon which he had fallen exhausted.

He looked about him again and then rose to his feet and walked back and forth on the hot rock. Here he was on a small reef, somewhere in the broad expanse of the South Sea, but just where, he did not know. At high tide there would not be more than a few feet of the rock above water. There was no shelter from the sun, there was no water, there was no food, not even a barnacle or a mussel clinging to the rock. His only hope was in swimming to the island, but the current in the channel was strong and might carry him beyond the land altogether. He was dazedly trying to think what to do when a sight met his eyes which froze him into inaction.

Out in the channel a black fin cut the water,—an ominous, triangular fin.

Well he knew the dangers connected with that fin, for it belonged to one of the fiercest of the tigers of the sea—a man-eating shark. With a shudder, which shook his whole frame, he turned away from the sight and looked seaward again in the vain hope of seeing a ship, but not a speck of sail or the faintest trail of smoke lay on the horizon. Then he turned in the direction of the island again. There was the shark still swimming in great semi-circles, back and forth, back and forth. It was evident that the big fish was only waiting for high tide when the dead whale would be partly in the water. Fearfully the man watched.

The day wore on, and one by one the stars appeared high in the sky. The sun dropped slowly into the sea and the western waters gradually changed from red to pink, then to yellow, gray, and black, and then the moon arose



"Wildly he started thrashing the water, when suddenly a long slim, tapering body shot through the water toward him."

shedding its mellow light over the water. The island now lay an ill-shapen mass of black, resting on a sea of silver. The silence was oppressive. The only sounds that broke the stillness of the night was the cry of a sleeping bird awakened from its rest and the lapping of the waves. The tide was creeping slowly now and when only a few feet of the reef remained above water it began to recede.

All this time the man on the rock sat still, not daring to break the silence, but he did not watch the yellow moon or the path of silver it sent over the waters, for that which most held his attention was a streak of phosphorus out in the channel, which moved in great semi-circles. The man guessed that the tide had not been high enough to reach the dead whale. Fascinated, he watched the circle of phosphorus until at last he fell into a restless sleep, and when he opened his eyes it was broad day.

And out in the channel a black fin cut the water.

The man staggered to his feet. The heat was fearful. Vainly he wandered over the reef, searching in every small split in the rock for any sort of a minute sea animal, his trembling hands clawing at the surface of the rock till they bled, but not a thing did he find. Time and time again he rushed to the edge of the water and dashed his face in it, but each time his dazed mind caused him to refrain from drinking the crystal green, but deadly salt water. In vain he tried to shield himself from the sun and in an endeavor to strip off his remnant of a shirt, with which to cover his head, tore it into shreds. The heat blistered his body till he could stand it no longer and flung himself into the shallow water, shrieking with pain when the salt water touched his cuts and bruises. Again he staggered to the rock and looked at the cool green inviting depths of the island.

But out in the channel a black fin cut the water.

In a blind fury he rushed out in the water again, screaming defiance to everything. He cursed the shark, he cursed the heat, the water, the rock, the whale—everything. Wildly he started threshing the water, when suddenly a long, slim, tapering body surmounted by a triangular fin, shot through the water toward him. The hysterical man had just enough presence of mind to dash to the reef in time to escape a flash of white which swerved to one side of the rock, missing him by only a few feet. Now he collected his scattered thoughts and sat dumbly looking over the waters, but the fierce rays of the sun rendered him almost blind.

Everywhere that his bloodshot eyes wandered they took in dark, triangular fins,—on his right and left, before and back of him, they appeared. Suddenly a fine dashed toward him, seemingly from the white sky itself, and, shrieking

with agony, he sheltered his head in his arms while a sea gull dipped over him and swept on toward the island.

He raised his head, and another of the dreaded fins crept up the rock straight toward him. With a scream he dashed to the other side of the refuge to escape the curling wave that broke on the reef.

Now his bloodshot eyes took in the island. It was a blur on the water.

But he saw clearly a black fin that cut the water in the channel.

While he was running half crazed along the edge of the water, he heard a screaming of a gull above him. It sounded to him, in his dazed condition, like the shriek his companion on the raft had uttered when he had fallen back into the sea. He tried to shut the dreadful sound out of his ears, but could not. In vain he jabbered threats at the gull and tried to scare it away, but it only kept circling above him, screaming back at him. He in turn shrieked back at it, daring it to bring retribution to him for the murder of his companion.

When it had gone, he turned his attention to the shark. He dared it to come and avenge the death of the man he had killed, but the big fish only swam back and forth. Finally he dashed out into the water and taunted the shark to attack him.

Suddenly, as he watched, the fin disappeared. Shrieking wildly, he turned about to dash to the rock. He slipped. He fell. A wild swirl of water! A flash of a long, white body! A horrible, heart-rending scream, and then silence.

The rock is bare. The sun boils down. The gulls circle and dip. The peaceful droning of the flies is undisturbed.

—Robert Yorke.

A Five Thousand Dollar Hole

HAY, Mike, com' on in an' git a drink! How's yersilf?"

"Fine, Pat, ol' boy. Did I hear ye say somethin' about a drink? Haven't had one fer a coon's age, seems to me."

Mike and Pat sauntered into the nearest saloon and began to make merry.

"Well, if here isn't our ol' friend Tim McCarty. Say, whin did you arrive in this beautiful town of ours?"

"My old pals, how you be? I been goin' ter hunt yer up fer a long time, but I bin so busy, don't yer know, fixen up my old home down the

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street here, that I haven't had time to do a danged thing. I've been here for tew months, now."

The conversation continued, the merry-making went on and the hour grew late, without a thought of families at home. Finally, they decided to go.

"Mike, me boy—hic—take me home—hic—to me mother—his—and me old parrot—hic—"

"You ol' fool. Why don't yer quit drinkin' whim ye get yer fill? What'll we do, Pat?"

"Take him home, I s'pose," said the disgusted Pat.

Their way led along dark streets and broken and unrepaired sidewalks. Old Tim, supported by his two friends, staggered along blindly and heavily. Once he stumbled into a hole in the sidewalk, but staggered up. Again he fell, tried to rise, but fell back again with a groan. Mike and Pat picked him up and tried to place him on his feet.

"What's the matter with ye, Tim? Can't ye stand up?"

"Say, Pat, what's the matter with his leg. I bet he's busted it!"

An examination followed. They found his leg was broken, and they were still a long way from home.

"What shall we do with him, Mike?"

"Dad me, if I know—but, say, Pat, I've got a skeem. There's a hole in the sidewalk back there——"

"Well, that won't help in gettin' 'im home——"

"— an' we can carry him back there and stick his leg down that hole, and early tomorrow morning *accidentally* find him and sue the city. We can divide the money up——"

"Mike, ye sure have got some head on that neck o' yourn. Come on, the hole aint very far back. All ready, now—whew! but he's heavy—. No wonder, though, he's got a barrel o' whiskey, at least, in 'im."

They carried senseless Tim to the hole in the walk, stuck his broken leg into it, and laid him in a position to look as if he had fallen.

A few days later a damage suit against the city was begun.

"I tell ye, yer honor," solemnly declared Pat, on the witness stand, "I tell yer that me an' me friend Mike, here, was passin' up that street on the mornin' of August twenty-fourth, when we come upon that poor critter, Tim, with his leg in a hole and sprawlin' all over the old, rickety sidewalk. We called his wife, and she felt awful bad. Here they've jest come to the city, and then, on account yer old, neglected sidewalks, they can't finish fixen up their nice little house they got. I only think it's fair and square if ye pay them that ten thousand dollars. It sartinly will come in handy, he not bein'

able to work, not evin walk."

"Mike McCoy, were you an eye-witness to the same scene?"

"I were, sir."

The outcome of the trial was a verdict for plaintiff for five thousand dollars.

"Mike an' Pat, ole frin's," cordially spoke Tim, a few weeks later, when they chanced to meet at the same saloon as before, "I owe you both a great debt. I can go out fer a time whiniver I plaze, now, and if the ole woman says anything, 'Why,' says I, 'maybe I can fall into a deeper hole and break both legs and make tin thousand,' and then, by jiminy, she can't say a worred."

—Emma L. Lobby.

Lady Macbeth

TALL and black, the shadow of Lady Macbeth looms before us. In the lurid, flickering light, we see the blood stains on her hands. Insanely ambitious, brutally strong, monstrously cruel, she stands out in bold relief. But look closer. In the wild eyes do you see no sign of the burden which presses on her heart, do you catch no glimpse of the phantoms which crowd her fevered mind, do you see nothing noble?

Our first feeling toward Lady Macbeth is one of repulsion. Recklessly she tears down the barriers of hospitality; with inspired madness she urges her weakening husband on to the murder of his guest, the king; by one brutal, yet magnificent burst of will power she decides to commit the crime herself—to save her husband. With face, blanched with fear, yet terrible in its expression of determination, she creeps to the sleeping king's bedside. Without, the weird mournful cries of the night birds, harbingers of evil, are heard. Within, it is dark, painfully quiet. The ready dagger glitters in her hand. She bends low over the bed; her arm uplifted. But it falls limply to her side, and the expression on her face changes; she creeps from the room. "Had he not resembled my father, as he slept, I had done't."

For one brief moment we see a woman, instead of what seems a monstrous fiend,—a woman with a woman's heart.

Through the following scenes it is Lady Macbeth's iron will that sustains her and her husband. It is she whose bloody hands smear the faces of the sleeping grooms. She who comforts her husband, conceals all evidences of

the crime. In the banquet scene, she it is who excuses her husband's behavior, dismisses the guests, and saves the day.

But the terrible strain is beginning to leave its mark upon her. Night brings no rest, only wild, terrible dreams. Her husband is in "blood stepp'd in so far" that he must go on. He goes alone. He no longer consults or even confides in his wife; even his love for her is slowly but surely being blotted out by the baser passions, which have engrossed his mind.

Lady Macbeth is left alone. Her courage, which flared up for a brief moment at the crisis, has deserted her. Thoughts of terrible, bloody scenes fill her mind; visions of the blood-besmeared Duncan, fancies of her own stained hands. It is terrible by day; doubly horrible by night. After dark a lighted candle stands by her continually; but when sleep, not, however, "innocent sleep which knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care" falls upon her, there is no candle to light her dreams; they are black and hideous. She lives over again the details of the murder; she rises from bed; she tries to bolster up her husband's courage; she attempts to cleanse those hands which "all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten." But it is all in vain. Night brings no rest; day no comfort. She is half mad.

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace." *

So we are not surprised when, maddened by the strain, wishing only to escape the memories, the fantasies, the remorse, and desiring only to be again at peace, she takes her own life.

In spite of everything she has done and all she has been, yet she is not a monster devoid of all feeling. On the contrary she is everywoman, just as Macbeth is everyman. And the knowledge, that love for her husband was the principal motive that urged her on, makes our feeling of sympathy stronger for her. If only he might become king, she thought she could bear the pangs of remorse, of conscience. But she sees that his fall is inevitable, that partly through her own instigations, his life has been ruined, that his love for her is dead, that her own soul is lost. We pity her, too, for we see that she has made the mistake common to all wrongdoers, in believing that the reward of wrong conduct would compensate for the agony of mind that is certain to follow, in one way or another, the commission of a wrong; and the tragedy of her career seems heightened when we think how much one of her ability and talents might have accomplished for good, and how radiantly happy her life as well as that of her husband might have been, had they but sought these things in the proper manner.

—Irene Guernsey.

Psalm of (High School) Life

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Tell me not, in flowery numbers,
High School is an empty dream!
For it's nightmare and not slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Books are real, teachers earnest,
And our pleasure's not their goal;
But among the very sternest,,
Oh, for one who has a soul!

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Feels the recitation's sway;
Only harder work tomorrow
For the pleasures of today.

To the tales of English battle
Lend an interested ear,
For the History teacher's prattle
Means two credits every year.

Trust no study period, comrade,
They are pitfalls in our way.
Convocations lead us onward
To a lower grade each day.
Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And the teacher, still and grave,
Finds our scholarships retreating
By the way our words behave.

Lives of P. G.'s all remind us,
We ourselves can P. G.'s be;
And with four years' work behind us,
Plead no more for sympathy.

—J. V.

The Exceptional Mr. Boffin

A N engaged girl is always more or less interesting to her friends, especially of the gentler sex; and so it was that at Jean's cozy at home in honor of the bride-to-be, Marcia was called upon to tell the hows, whys and wherefores of her affair with Dan Barry, from the time she met him until the last time she had seen him.

"Well, girls," she said, settling back up on her mound of sofa pillows, and dropping the guest towel she was embroidering, "To begin with, he's the grandest man in—"

"Oh, that's understood," commented Jean. "Go on; proceed uninterrupted. Here we've known so long that you were to be married, but not a hint of the circumstances surrounding the plot. It must have been romantic, for prosy things don't happen to a girl like you, Marcia—"

"Be quiet," commanded Madge, placing a pink palm over her sister's mouth. "Now, Marcia, go on."

"Well, it was like this." For a moment Marcia gazed dreamily out of the window, but a nudge of Edith's firm elbow recalled her from her reverie, and she continued:

"It was snowing—great, big, feathery flakes. The softest, sleepest snowstorm imaginable, and I had been waiting on the slushy little station platform for an hour for my train. Trains are always late in snowstorms, anyway. I had tried the waiting room, but it was insufferably hot and stuffy, so I stayed outside.

"I was on my way to Aunt Patricia's, just the Friday before Thanksgiving it was, and I was taking her a big, white Angora cat—you know, Mr. Boffin."

"Was that beast concerned?" interrupted Jean.

"He's not a beast," contradicted Madge, "he's a beautiful creature. Go on, Marcia."

"I was taking Aunt Polly the cat," continued Marcia, "and I had him in a lovely hamper with holes in the sides. I lined it with a quilting, so that Mr. Boffin could travel in comfort.

"When the train finally hove into sight, my hat and coat were soaking wet and my furs like an old wet hen—and my hair—girls, it was as straight as a string. It was just beginning to get dark and the lights were all on in

the train. Of all the crowds I ever got into! But a nice, obliging young man—"

"That was Dan," murmured Edith.

"A nice, obliging young man moved over, and I shared his seat. He stared at me quite frankly until I assumed my loftiest manner—honestly, girls, I can look lofty, even if I have got a tip-up nose."

She looked pleadingly from one to the other, and Madge nodded sympathetically and said, "Certainly, perfectly regal, in fact."

Marcia nodded her acknowledgment. "Yes," she said, "I really looked lofty. Then he went back to his paper. Well, to proceed. Our baggage was up overhead on the little rack, and I would have been serenely happy had I not been conscious of the fact that Mr. Boffin was stored away in a common lunch hamper up on a shelf.

"Miss Chilton, that little old maid who used to do my plain sewing, was on the train, and she smiled so benignly that I felt obliged to go and speak to her. When I came back, the nice young man was gone. Oh! that's not the end of the adventure, by any means—only the beginning. When I got to Charlemagne, Joseph was waiting with the carriage, and it was no time until I was at Aunt Patty's. She's such a dear little Dresden china lady and I gave her three guesses as to what I had for her. Of course, she guessed wrong, so I opened the hamper and therein lay a Harvard sweater, a red stocking-cap, and a pair of hockey skates."

"Oh!" breathed the girls, in unison, as Marcia paused to enjoy the effect.

"The brute had snatched my hamper with Mr. Boffin in it; and, with all the thoughtlessness of his kind, had never so much as glanced at the holes in the sides. Think of poor Mr. Boffin being traped all over the country—set down in the snow and treated like any ordinary luggage. I'll have to tell you both sides, as I know it now, so that you'll get the whole situation. He put the hamper in the corner of the hall and sat down to dinner, immediately. About the second course, Mr. Boffin began to me-o-uw. Dan was dumb-founded. Imagine the poor man's consternation at finding, upon investigation, a cat instead of his togs.

"Meanwhile I was in a panic. Aunt Patricia didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Finally the funny side of it struck me, and I laughed. There was nothing to be done, so I got dressed for dinner.

About 10 o'clock the next morning, Aunt Patricia got a long distance telephone call. It was Mrs. Barry. She wanted to know if Aunt Patty had a relative visiting her. She said that from the description she had had

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from Aunt Patty and the one Dan had given, we must be one and the same. Aunt Patty invited Dan and his mother over to tea, and they came. But if you could have seen Dan! Just as they were getting off the train he dropped the hamper, and Mr. Boffin got loose. Dan chased him everywhere, and by the time he had caught him he was furious, dishevelled, and desperate. He carried Mr. Boffin under one arm and the hamper under the other, and his hat on one ear. Mr. Boffin was a sight to behold. His little feet were muddy and wet—his beautiful pink satin neck-tie was streaked with mud, and he was scared green.

"I stood just behind Aunt Patricia as they came in. He never said a word to Aunt Patricia—simply nodded wrathfully—then he glared at me and, extending Mr. Boffin in one hand and removing his hat with the other, he dropped the hamper with a bang and growled out:

"'Here, madam, is your pussy cat.' Girls, if I had had to die for it, I couldn't have helped laughing right in his face. He grinned rather sheepishly, Aunt Pat presented me to Mrs. Barry and Dan, and we made a joke of the whole affair. After I went back to town we corresponded, and Christmas-eve—he—proposed." Her voice trailed off into a whisper, and she gazed dreamily out of the window again. The girls sat quiet, a little awed, and fearing to break the solemnity by a single word. By and by Marcia looked up and said, with a little wistful smile:

"We're going to have the wedding at Aunt Patty's, in June; you'll all be bridesmaids, won't you, and Mr. Boffin is to have a most beautiful ribbon. Jean, you'll find a kindred spirit in Dan, for he hates all cats, excepting, of course, Mr. Boffin, for he's an exceptional cat."

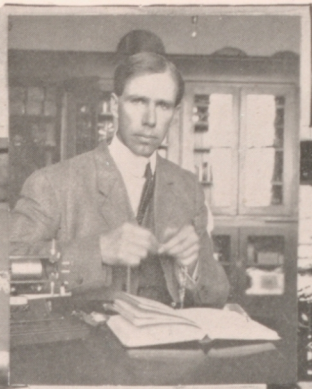
—Ruth Hollenbeck, June '15.



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A. M. Johnson



F.G. Kennedy



T. H. Bonser



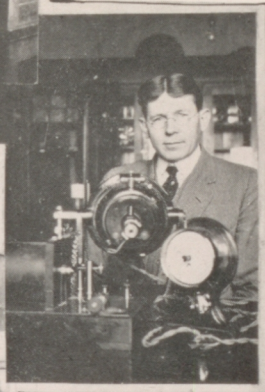
Prin R.T. Hargreaves



A. H. Benefiel



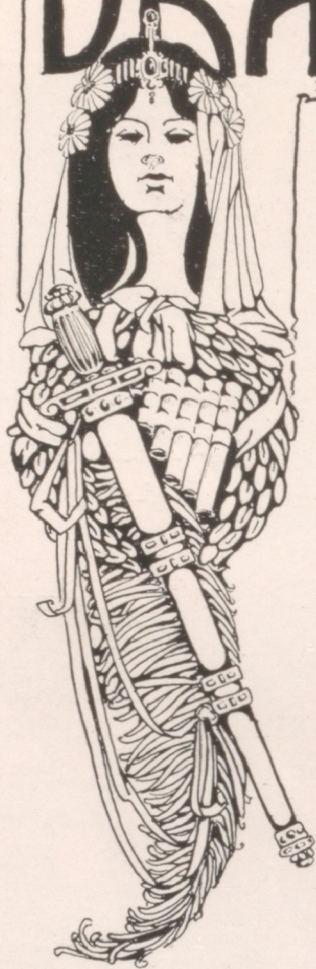
R. S. Sanborn



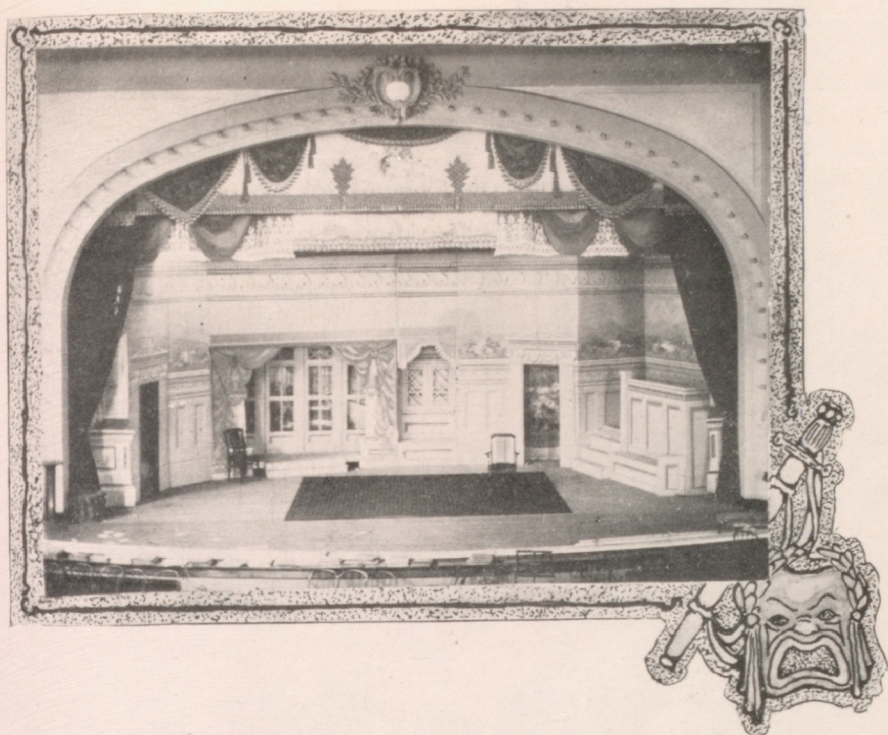
A. W. Endslow

SCIENCE TEACHERS

DRAMATICS



THE past season has been one replete with dramatic successes. The comic opera, "Sylvia," given early in the year under the supervision of Mr. Rice and Miss Abernethy, was the first of its kind that we have ever had. The cast displayed much musical ability, and the production was one of the best of any kind that has ever been staged at the North Central. Close upon the heels of "Sylvia" came the annual Masque Play, "The Butterflies." The play was coached by Miss Broomhall of the Faculty, and Miss Mary Caughey, an honorary member of the Masque, and an alumnae of the N. C. H. S. The comedy was full of dramatic situations and clever conversation, and the cast handled it exceedingly well. The elaborate scenery was painted by James Gibbons, also an honorary member of the Masque. The next event was the Senior B production, "Tit-for-Tat," consisting of two parts, "The School of Today" and "Mr. Mikado." The last dramatic event of the year was the Senior Class Play, "The American Citizen."



“The American Citizen”

A great success was scored by the Class of June '13, the evening of May twenty-eighth, when fifteen of its prominent talented members made themselves conspicuous in “The American Citizen.”

The audience was the largest of any that has witnessed a high school entertainment during the past school year, and we are proud to say, that, judging by the hearty applause and enthusiasm of the audience that the Senior A play was a decidedly big “hit.”

The clever work of the actors, the elaborate costumes and the originality and beauty of the scenery, all tended to give the play that “professional atmosphere” which ranks it among the very best of high school productions.



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It is quite impossible to select *the* star from an all-star cast, and no attempt will be made, to do so, but, rather, to give each one equal praise. For the so-called minor roles must be as well handled as the others, in order to make the play a *complete* success.

The two leading roles, Beatrice Carew and Mr. Creuger, were taken respectively by Rosa Schelling and Earl Poe. The parts called for the most difficult acting, and the way in which they were handled is deserving of the highest praise.

Margaret Hunter, as Carola Carew, brought forth continuous laughter and applause from the audience, in the excellent interpretation of her part.

Nellie McColl, as Georgia, was a real favorite; while Laurence Dunn, also showed much ability in his strong character role. Both aided greatly in carrying away the honors of the evening.

The three Donalds of the cast stood out prominently in the play; Donald Wilson as the humorous side-splitting Sims, the Valet, made an excellent character, and equally good were Don Hamilton as Stroble, and Don Rader as Lucas.

Clara Swanson as the haughty Lady Bunn, and John Goddard as Billy Bunn, were especially good.

Two of the finest characterizations in the play were given by Arthur Simon and Jerome Barline. The former as Egerton Brown, the real "Villain," succeeded in making himself quite detestable. Jerome Barline was well adapted to his part, and was the typical Englishman of the play.

Alice Tong as the pretty little maid, Annette, was very captivating.

Sylvester English as a waiter, and Emerson Donovan as Mercury, added a great deal to the play by the tactful way in which they presented their parts.

The success of the play is not due, alone, to the actors, but for the largest part to the able and ingenious work of Miss Abernethy in the coaching of the play. We also wish to thank those who aided in any way in making the "American Citizen" a big success.



Germanistische Gesellschaft

M. SABISTON

As shown by its increasing membership, the Germanische Gesellschaft is more flourishing than ever. Many interesting meetings have been held during the last semester, of which one of the most enjoyable was the Kaffee Klatch, held in the gymnasium Thursday afternoon, May eighth. As a fitting climax to the year's work, the German play, "Einer Musz Heiraten," was staged in the auditorium May fifteenth. The play was a distinct success, and the German Society hopes to be able to put on another play next year.

The L. V. M.

Sixteen boys, under the direction of Mr. Sawtelle, have organized a club which they named the "L. V. M." The chief aim of the club is to get Freshmen started in the various school activities. At the first regular meeting the following officers were elected:

President, Garrett Witbeck; vice president, Walter Russell; secretary, Leroy Armond; treasurer, Lewis Robie.

The other members of the club are Ernest Anderson, Albert Fleming, Arthur Frick, Irvin Hall, Fred Hill, Raymond Mosher, Ed Partridge, Leo Perry, Claude Prather, Wailand Sloan, Giles Purdy Smith, and Alfred Ward.

Regular meetings are held every two weeks at the homes of the members or at the N. C. H. S. building.

Two events of the term were the "hike" to the hills east of the city, on April 18, and the program at Leroy Armond's home, on May 2. The former was a pleasure outing, and the latter was made most enjoyable by the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Armond and Leroy. The music and refreshments were highly appreciated by all present. One of the features of the program

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by the members was the parliamentary drill, which afforded considerable amusement for the members and practice for the president.

A baseball team has been organized and arrangements for several games, to be played before the close of school, are being made. A fishing excursion is also under consideration.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Walter Russell. The following program will be given: Reading, by Garrett Witbeck; extempore speech by Lewis Robie, story by Fred Hill; debate, "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished in the United States." Affirmative, Garrett Witbeck, Leroy Armond, Walter Russell; negative, Lewis Robie, Arthur Torgerson, Edwin Partridge.

The Debating Society

This year has been a busy one for the Debating Society. We have revived the custom of holding an annual J. Herman Beare contest, the winners of this year's contest being Wesley Safford, first prize, \$15; George Loney, second prize, \$10; Earl Stimson, third prize, \$5. Adam Keele's name should be mentioned here. His oration received first place from the standpoint of construction and subject matter.

The membership now is limited to twenty-five members. As several of our members graduate in June, there will be a good chance for those with oratorical or debating ability to enter. The work which the Debating Society plans to take up this coming semester will include extemporaneous debates, prepared debates, mock trials and talks on all manner of subjects. The purpose of the Debating Society, as in the past, will, in the future, be to encourage the oratorical and public speaking powers of its members.

The Engineering Society

This society has had an interesting as well as instructing trip, this spring, through the W. W. P. generating and transforming stations. The society was well represented on this trip, there being all of forty members there. The Water Power people were courteous and obliging to us in having four guides to show the society around the plant.

Mr. Uhden, Chief Engineer for the company, also gave the society an interesting talk and explanation by stereopticon views about all the plants operated by the company. Mr. Uhden is a graduate of the W. S. C., and as an extra feature he showed us a series of interesting views around the college.

The near future holds a good many treats in store for the society, one of the most important being an all-day trip to the big dam at Long Lake.

Ninety-five

"The Masque"

Twice a year, at the end of each semester, old staunch and true members leave the Masque, and new zealous members, eager and ready to work, enter. It has been the custom of this organization to hold a tryout a week or two before the graduation of its older members in order to fill their places. Every one has a fair chance to gain admittance, as those students rated highest by the judges in the composition and delivery of their poem or story are entitled to membership.

With regard to this, it may be said that the Masque is losing nine of its most active members this June. Not too much can be said of the way in which they have striven and worked to forward its cause. The club sincerely appreciates their efforts, and thanks as well as praises each one. Those leaving are: William Wilson, Nellie McColl, Glenn Vaughn, Lois Danaldson, Donald Wilson, Margaret White, Alan Paine, Margaret Hunter, and Gayton Knight.

A jolly evening was spent at the home of Robert Yorke on May seventh. The program was: Vocal Solo, Ruth Hollenbeck; Story, Anna Corcoran; Reading, Margaret Hunter; Story, Margaret White. A feature of the evening was the ice cream of lavender and white, the Masque colors.

On May twenty-first the alumni of the club took control. A short play was presented, and afterwards a basket social was held.

Another good time was spent at Indian Canyon—a regular old-fashioned bacon-and-egg picnic. The boys were dressed in overalls and the girls in gingham. A feature of the evening was ghost stories. All were sitting silently around the flickering fire, listening to a thrilling, hair-raising tale, when a long-drawn-out scream came from the woods upon the party. Every heart froze. A tense silence followed—then a gasp of fright followed by a series of shivers. Even those who promoted the scheme felt rather queer. But the plan succeeded well, and some members still think down in their hearts that the cry came from a real spirit.

A quartet of boys has been formed and will sing at the Boys' meeting. The 1st Tenor is taken by Robert Yorke; 2nd Tenor, Martin Chamberlain; Baritone, James Gibbons; Bass, Glenn Vaughn. The Masquers will hear some jolly good songs before long, and without a doubt the Boys' Quartet has come to stay.

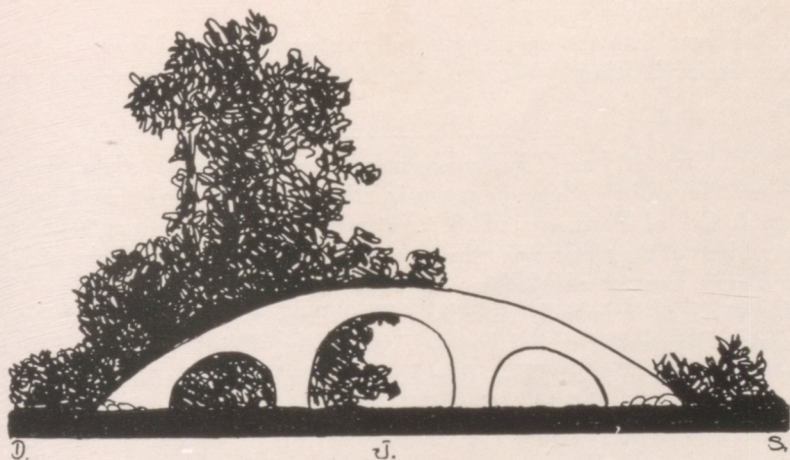
Those new members who enter in June, whether Freshmen or Seniors, will be welcome to the Masque, and whatever they do for the society, it will try to pay back to them in one way or another. Welcome to the coming Masquers!

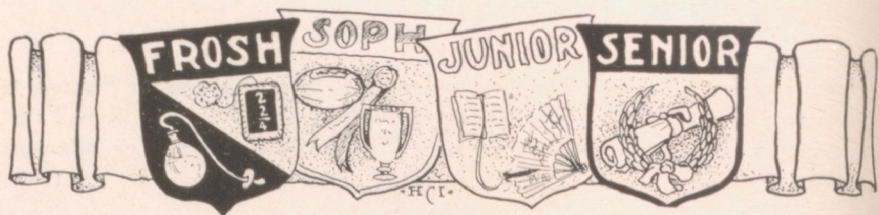
Mathematics Society

On May 8 the society held its regular executive meeting. It was decided that the contest in algebra be held on the afternoon of May 21. After the executive session a very interesting program was rendered, a talk on "Mathematics of the Gridiron," by Mr. Moyer, being greatly enjoyed.

The next meeting took place on the afternoon of May 15. The society decided at this meeting that those who desired to try for places in the society must hand their names to Mr. Bartholomew on or before May 23. The most interesting feature of the program was a story by Elizabeth Farquhar entitled, "A Recipe: How to Make Two Equal One."

The society has brought a very successful year to a close and will probably be even better next year. So, if you have the necessary requirements for membership, see Mr. Bartholomew, have your name voted on by the club, and be a member of the best society in the North Central High School.





Senior A.

Being the last official notice of the Class of June '13,
as active members of N. C. H. S.

At a class meeting held May eleventh, it was decided to have a "Kid" party, instead of the annual formal class party, in order to remove all traces of "stiffness" from the occasion. The idea proved well founded, for there was nothing but hilarious gayety on the evening of the twenty-fourth.

The party was held on the lawn of the home of Alan Paine. One of the features of the decorations was a large electric sign, bearing the illustrious name of the "Class of June '13."

The evening was spent with games and music, everyone enjoying himself to the utmost. At a late hour refreshments were served by the incomparable girls of the class.

The "Kid" costumes worn by some of the lithe and graceful Seniors were the cause of much merriment.

On June sixth the class was royally entertained at a Liberty Lake picnic by the Senior B Class. We are grateful to them for an exceedingly pleasant time.

The Class of June '13 decided to leave as its memorial to the school fourteen beautiful carbon prints of famous paintings. The pictures were bought from Baum & Co. of Paris, one of the most widely known art firms in the world. The subjects of the pictures and the artists are as follows: The Duke of Nassau, Van Dyck; Portrait of Madame Le Brun, by herself; The Avenue of Trees, Hobbema; The Windmill, Ruysdael; The Shepherdess, Millet; St. Peter and St. John, Burnand; Admiral Pareja, Velasquez; Whistler's Mother, Whistler; The Windstorm, Wallet; The Two Lovers, Neuhuys; The Windstorm, Corot; The Dance of the Nymphs, Corot; The Song of the Lark, Breton; and The Little Crab Fishers, Blommers. The pictures will be framed in heavy oak and hung in the lower hall.



The Kid Party

Senior B.

Did you see us in the "Tit-for-Tat?" Of course you did, and if you didn't you missed one of the best N. C. H. S. productions of the year. Ask your fortunate friend who was there that night about Jack Abrams, Edna Herrington, Truma Thomas, Alvin House, Susanna Smith, Bertha Hindley and a few others in the "School of Today." They surely will tell you about Meda Welter and Ferris Gehrke in the "Mikado."

We certainly are fortunate in having a comedian in our class, Donald Neely, whose work that night was natural and excellent. If the applause and enthusiasm were any indication of the audience's appreciation, it must have been a success from every standpoint. So watch for us next year.

The money received from our play will be used in entertaining the honorable Senior A's at Liberty Lake, June 6. We shall leave at 1:30 and return during the evening. Refreshments, boats and a general good time for all has been planned and we intend to make this day a very pleasant time of recreation.

Junior A.

Rip, roar, zip, zoar! One nine one four!

During the last month two interesting class meetings have been held. Excellent programs were given at both. At the first Cecilia Kerkhoven gave a humorous reading entitled "Encouragement," in which she most earnestly exhorted her lover, "Ike" to speak up and 'spress himself. Marie Corner pleased with two vocal solos, and Violet Baker, at the piano, rendered rag-time airs.

At the second meeting the program was necessarily short, because of the long, interesting business meeting. Olive McConnell played a piano solo. James Glaze, George Loney, and Riley Davenney gave a trombone and cornet selection, accompanied by Arthur Torgerson.

It is interesting to note that at the recent J. Herman Beare contest four of the five participants were Junior A's. The boys who represented our class were Earl Stinson, who won third prize; George Loney, who won second place, Aden Keele and David Keener.

Our "big doings" has taken the form of a picnic at Liberty Lake. All the plans are completed and we are only waiting for warm weather. Just wait and you will hear a "great splash."

Those of our number who dropped behind last semester have either made up their lost credits or intend to do so at summer schools, so they can graduate with the "only" class—June, 1914.

Junior B.

Heeve, hive! Heeve, hive!
One, nine, one five!

Have you seen our class rings? If not, take notice, and you will agree that they are the very best in North Central. One from our own class, Howard Stewart, designed them, and he certainly did it well.

The class is soon to have a picnic. A meeting to arrange for the date and place is to be held in the near future.

Sophomore A.

In this, the last edition of the Tamarack for the term of June, '13 we, the Sophomores, bid the Senior A's farewell and the best of luck, and to all in the school we wish a very happy vacation.

Throughout this term the Sophomore A class has been active in all branches of work and play. Our class teams in baseball and basket-ball finished well, but our debating team was decisively beaten by the Freshmen.

Our class activities will end May 23, when we shall all meet at Indian Canyon for our annual picnic.

It seems that our class holds the honors when it comes to class quartet. With Guy Sheehan and Signor Blum to take care of the tenor and Ray Foley and Harry Lynd for bass and baritone, we have a combination that is hard to beat.

Lastly and on behalf of my classmates, I wish to thank Miss Mosher for her services throughout the past semester as director of our class affairs.

Hoping to met you next year as Junior B's, we bid you all good bye.

Sophomore B.

Usky, wow wow,

Usky we!

N. C. H. S.

Sophomore B!

We were organized this year under our retiring director, Miss Bostrom, and have made a very pronounced success since we have been brought together. We, as a class, are very much indebted to Miss Bostrom for her service as class director, and we take this time to thank her for the work she has done.

The colors of our class are Maroon and Gray, which we hops to raise to the highest degree of honor that can be gained by any class of the North Central High School.

Our boys have been striving hard to make the track and baseball teams, and we expect to be well represented in both in the coming contests with Lewis and Clark.

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The last meeting was held in Room 205. The class was well represented. The program committee, under the head of Anna Corcoran, planned a pleasing program, which was a success from start to finish. It was the first program that the class has undertaken, but we expect many others in the future.

Our new class director, Miss Oldt, has offered us her services, which we were very glad to accept, and with such splendid guidance we shall proceed on the path of progress and prosperity to our goal of nineteen sixteen.

The class is well represented in the Masque, orchestra, chorus, band and the school activities in general, and we expect to make a bigger showing next year.

Our class, before the adjournment for the summer vacation, has planned to have a large social meeting at the school or a picnic, arrangements for which are already being made.

Vacation is fast approaching, and we, as the Sophomore B class, wish every possible success and prosperity to the North Central High School, its teachers, its principal, and its students, during their coming vacations.





CURRENT EVENTS

April 21

The halls of the North Central once more awoke from their brief rest, and again became jammed with the familiar eleven hundred lively students, all of whom seemed to be glad to return and complete the semester work. After the bells in the different session rooms had announced the first period, saws, hammers, and plans in the shops were started in their operation, the typewriters in the stenographic department resumed their rapid click, and the same old voices, rapidly translating and scanning the poetry of Virgil, were again heard in the Latin department—all telling the idle passerby that the wheels of the North Central had again been set in motion.

April 25

Convocation was called at the third period. Willard Matters spoke in behalf of the track meet which was to take place between the different classes. The Senior B class play, "Tit for Tat," was represented by Jack Abrams, its manager, who explained the play and urged all the students to be present. The prizes of the Tamarack contests were awarded to the winners. Mr. Prickett, faculty director of the Tamarack, awarded the prizes to the winners of the short story contest, Norma Jones receiving the first prize. The second prize was awarded to Pearl Oman, and the third to Bryan Leiser. The prizes of the advertising contest were presented by Mr. Hargreaves. The winners were: First, Lawrence Dunn; second, Melvin Peugh; third, McKinley Donovan; fourth, Clement Phillips; fifth, Malcolm Sabiston; sixth, Mae Allensworth, and seventh, Gordon Vessy.

One Hundred Three

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

April 23 and 25

The semi-final debates in the series of interclass contests were held in Room 205, April 23 and 25. On April 23 the Junior A class, represented by Earl Stimpson and Harold Kenyon, met the Senior A team, composed of Gayton Knight and Arthur Simon. The question was, "Resolved, That the short ballot should be adopted in the State of Washington." The Senior A team upheld the affirmative, while the negative was argued by the Junior A debaters, and the contest was interesting throughout. The decision of the judges was three to nothing in favor of the affirmative.

On the afternoon of April 25 the Sophomore A-Freshman B debate was held. Russell White and Robert O'Brien represented the Sophomore A class and Morton Margollyes and Mardee Jenson represented the Freshman B class. The question was, "Resolved, That the President of the United States should serve but one term, of six years." The Sophomore A class upheld the affirmative, and the Freshman B the negative of this question. Both sides of the question were well presented and the contest was close, the decision being two to one in favor of the negative.

This leaves for the final contest the Freshman B and Senior A classes, and the debate will be held in the auditorium. The question is "Resolved, That interscholastic athletics should be abolished in high schools." The Seniors will defend the affirmative and the Freshmen the negative.

April 30

A short convocation was held for the benefit of the baseball series to be held with the Lewis and Clark. Basil Jerard, captain of the baseball team, and Coach Moyer were called upon to speak in behalf of the games, and both were enthusiastically applauded.

May 1

An excellent May Day program, gotten up under the supervision of Miss Abernethy, was given in the auditorium. Before proceeding with the program Margaret White was called upon to speak in behalf of the Senior number of the Tamarack. Miss White well represented the Tamarack in a speech filled with comical references which caused frequent laughter and applause.

The program of the day was opened by a May Day address by the chairman, Gladys Ketchem. The numbers of the program were: Piano duet by Rosa Schelling and Ruth Tewinkel; reading, "A Toboggan Slide," by Julia Corner; vocal solo, "Sad Is the Whip-poor-will," by Ferris Gehrke; reading, "A," by Ruth Hollembeck; vocal duet, "If You Know of a

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Winners of J. Herman Beare Contest

Left to right: Wesley Safford, 1st; George Loney, 2nd; Earl Stimpson, 3rd

Heart," by Jessie Nicholas and Carol Hocking; reading, "Der Erlkonig," and "Sockery Settin' a Hen," by Minnie Williams, and selections by the Girls' quartet. The principal feature of the day was the May Pole dance. The stage was elaborately decorated with blossoms and the colors of the school. A May pole was stationed in the center, while on the right side was the May Queen's throne, draped with red and black. The troop of dancers was led by the Queen, who was duly crowned and placed upon her throne. Those taking part in this number were: Roberta Fisher, Queen; Genevive Hatch, her maid, and dancers, Dorothy Fairway, Frances Frick Frances McConnahey, Marguerite Wergmon, Eunice Gjertson, Alice Schelling, Lena Wilson, Amy Warren, Huey Greiger, Ellen Taylor, Vivian Osmede, Minne Yoke, Daisy Wilde, Grace Turner and Ruth Melville. The exercises were concluded by singing "The Red and Black."

Professor Chalfont of Washington State College visited the High School. Members of the Senior A class intending to go to college had private talks

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with the professor and received many good pointers in regard to the opportunities offered to those who are working their way.

May 9

The commercial department was favored by the visit of Mr. Gus Trefzger, one of the world's most rapid typewriters, and three times winner of the English championship cup. Mr. Trefzger gave demonstrations of his speed in Room 103, before a large audience of students. He wrote 127 words a minute while carrying on a conversation, and 126 while blindfolded. This is certainly the work of a genius.

May 9

The J. Herman Beare Annual Oratorical Contest, under the auspices of the North Central Debating Society, was held in the auditorium. The five orations selected to be delivered were: "Education," by Wesley Safford; "Patriotism," by George Loney; "Abraham Lincoln as an Orator," by Earl Stimpson; "Robert E. Lee," by David Keener, and "William Henry Seward," by Aden Keele. Edward Shears, president of the Debating Society, presided and opened the exercises with a few introductory remarks as to the nature and purpose of the contest. The judges were Mr. Prickett, Miss Fargo and Mr. Benefield. The contest was close and well fought, and each contestant received hearty applause.

The orations were preceded by some very entertaining selections by the Boys' Mandolin Club, and while waiting for the decision of the judges, Bruce Healy gave a very entertaining violin selection.

Wesley Safford was awarded the first prize of \$15; George Loney the second prize of \$10; and the third prize, \$5, was won by Earl Stimpson.

May 12

Mr. Benefiel was elected vice-principal of the North Central High School Monday night.

May 13

Professor Showalter, president of the Cheney Normal, spoke to the Senior A class, his subject being "Prospects of Education."

May 14

A convocation was called in behalf of the third baseball game with the Lewis and Clark. The principal feature of this assembly was the North Central Band in its first appearance before the school. As a proof of its ability a few rousing selections were given, which were heartily applauded. Mr. Woodward spoke in behalf of the triangular track meet which the North Central will have with Colfax and Coeur d'Alene, and Mr. Moyer and Basil Jerard both represented and imitated the baseball game.

The exercises were closed by the singing of "The Red and Black," accompanied by the band.



North Central alumni now number upwards of a hundred and fifty, and the outgoing of our present Senior class, the fourth to graduate from North Central, will swell the ranks of loyal alumni almost a hundred, so that steadily our alumni are increasing in number. Few schools so young as ours have as great a right to be proud of their alumni as our school, and the spirit of the alumni toward their High School shows the loyal feeling that remains and grows, perhaps, even stronger after their immediate connection with North Central is severed.

One honor worthy of note that has been lately granted to a N. C. H. S. alumnus is the year's scholarship in the musical department at Whitman College, which was given to Selma Engstrom, January '13, as the result of a recital held at Whitman for the purpose of choosing one person to whom this scholarship should be given. The contest was open to all in the Inland Empire who wished to try, and we feel justly proud that one of our graduates received this honor.

Alumni Editor of the Tamarack:

It is gratifying, indeed, to feel that an alumnus is still of value to the North Central, and I appreciate very much the opportunity of writing something for publication on behalf of the North Central graduates attending the University of Washington.

In one thing, at least, college has failed to change the North Central "grads" in Seattle. We still possess the good North Central spirit. If we don't know the Varsity song, we can still sing lustily "Dear Old Red and Black." Every day I see some North Centralite—Walter Doust, "Fat" Neil, "Hok" Seagraves or some one of the "bunch," and inevitably the conversation turns to "those good old Senior days."

When a Senior I thought the Class of June, '12 was seeing N. C. H. S. in its best days. I was mistaken—happily—and I wish to compliment and congratulate those who are doing things now for North Central or boosting our school into the A-1 class. It was my misfortune, with a number of other North Siders, to have missed that Thanksgiving Day game, but if I ever read

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anything with tearful delight it was the account of that game. It certainly looks good to see North Central getting the big end of the scores in football, basket-ball, and debate. And the Tamarack! Say, it's some paper. I have received it regularly and—lost it regularly, for every June '12 person on the campus seems to have a mania for reading the Tamarack. Keep it up, everybody!

Now I want to boost a little for the best educational institution under the sun—the University of Washington. Yes, we have it right here in our own state, and as Richard T. would say, "I know whereof I speak." If the North Central Seniors and "late grads" could see the University campus now they would begin salting down their odd nickels in expectation of being here next year. I am sure the North Central graduates attending the University would be only too glad to answer any inquiries concerning it. We want to see more North Central "pep" transplanted to the University of Washington.

Hoping that all North Central activities will continue to enjoy merited success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

VINCENT WHITE.

Dear Editor:

I am very pleased to comply with your request to write you a letter for the Alumni page. You are certainly putting out a fine little paper, and deserve all kinds of credit. We received a copy here and the boys were quite enthusiastic over it. North Central is getting a fine reputation among the other schools of the Northwest. The fellows here from Tacoma, Portland and the other coast and inland towns all know the ability of the North Side teams and concede them more than a fair chance to win football and basket-ball championships.

For the sake of a change the eastern Washington students go to the U. of W., while the western students come here. This year I hope to see a number of the North Central graduates registered at W. S. C. They will like the college for three reasons: First, our agriculture, horticulture, engineering, and home economy departments are the strongest in the West. Our graduates from all these departments find good positions at once, and invariably make good. One of our graduates, Pat Maloney, is building the Latah Creek bridge. He is not only building it, but he designed it as well. Practical instruction seems to be the keynote of this college. The professors are men who have succeeded in obtaining a real working knowledge of their sub-

jects before coming here. A little incident will illustrate this: One of our mining professors went to Alaska, dressed like a common laborer and applied for a job at the great Treadwell mine. He was put to work as a mucker, but soon rose from one petty position to another. One day the mine officials wished to try out a new drill, but no one knew how to operate it. To their great surprise the professor, seeming like a common laborer, stepped forward and demonstrated the worthlessness of that particular drill in that mine. Before the summer vacation was over he was on the board of consulting engineers and was offered a large salary to remain. But as his aim was to become a thoroughly practical and efficient instructor he came back to the college last fall.

Second, the cost of living at this College is quite small. Although attending all the dances and nearly all the social affairs, most of the boys find three hundred dollars sufficient for a year's expenses. There are many chances for steady industrious students to earn a large part of their way through college, and many of them do. It speaks well for the democratic spirit of the college that the students, as a whole, admire the fellow who has to hustle for himself.

Third, and one of the strongest reasons for attending the W. S. C., is its nearness to Spokane. As Pullman is only a three-hour ride from Spokane, most of us go home several times a year. (One of the North Central students here goes home every once in a *little* while.) I would certainly dislike the idea of being exiled from Spokane all the school year. In fact, we have many Spokane people here for that very reason.

Well, I am afraid that I am not much of an exhorter, but I do hope to see all of the '13 class down here this fall. If any of the North Central fellows come down I hope they will look me up, and I will do my best to show them a good time.

Thanking you for the opportunity of boosting the old College, I remain

Sincerely yours,

HAROLD CUNDY.

Editor of Tamarack:

I was somewhat surprised, and at the same time felt greatly honored, in receiving a letter requesting me to tell something of the University here.

I am the only North Central alumnus here, and of course only in my first year, and a freshman in college is not considered as being very important, and their opinions, if they have any, are regarded as having small consequence. But in the one year that I have been here I have been greatly impressed with the opportunities, merits, and advantages of the University of California; and

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I hope that in the following years many North Central graduates will decide to enter this university.

If beautiful surroundings inspire and induce one to study, the members of this university should be exceptionally studious; for the campus, with all its natural charm, its ivy-covered buildings, mammoth oaks and magnolia groves, is beautiful. Added to this is its ideal situation at the foot of Berkeley Hills, where a full view of the entire bay, San Francisco and the Golden Gate may be obtained.

Counting the summer school, there is an entire enrollment of over seven thousand students, it being considered the second largest university in the United States. Naturally the opportunities offered in a school of this size, not only in instruction but also in debating and literary work, are many and extensive.

There is also, as in any school, a keen interest in all branches of athletics. However, our one big athletic event of the year is the football game with Stanford.

College life itself is very interesting, and really makes up half of college, but, although it has an atmosphere all its own, yet, on account of the size of the school, and because of the number of older students, it is not the same feeling as one has in high school, and although I like the University and enjoy college life, it can never take the place of my many pleasant high school memories.

Very sincerely,

MABEL JONES.

University of Washington, May 12, 1913.

Students of North Central:

The University is in the thick of the year's activities. There is something happening every day. The few days for which no college date is calendared are made memorable by the ducking of some erring "fresh" in the Freshman basin, or some equally exciting event. Fussing and canoeing, which are one and the same in many instances, are the regular thing. The innumerable shady spots and lonesome woodland paths are always inviting. The two beautiful lakes bordering on the campus are dotted with hundreds of canoes on sunny afternoons and moonlit evenings. Afternoon classes suffer in consequence, but with exams still a month away there is no inclination to settle down to cramming.

Friday, May 2, was Campus Day. The manner of celebrating this day is unique among college traditions of all institutions. Paths are built, class

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memorials are erected, the campus is cleaned, and the Governor plants his tree. At 8 o'clock a. m. over 500 college men gathered on Denny Hall steps, armed with rakes and shovels. None but working clothes were allowed. The few who did appear in collar and tie were promptly and vigorously "hot-handed," and the eyesores removed. Even the Governor was forced to dispense with his neckwear while on the campus. At noon a generous lunch was served by the "co-eds" to one thousand workers, who gathered around tables set in the shape of a huge W. The roll of college songs and the roar of college yells were hushed for half an hour, while several talks were given, and the Junior and Senior men making the honorary Overall Club were decorated. The annual Fresh-Soph baseball game went to the Freshmen. In the evening an informal dance was attended by upwards of four hundred couples. The day is wonderful in that it makes for greater democracy, cultivates college loyalty and engenders greater appreciation of the meaning of college life.

Election of officers for the A. S. U. W. took place but a few weeks ago. Though the politicians' smiles, the electioneering at the booths and the initiation of the members of the Defeated Candidates' Club are now a thing of history, they were all in evidence a couple of weeks ago. The Defeated Candidates' Club is a real organization, and the annual initiation occurring at the smoker held the night of election is an event long looked forward to.

The Juniors here controlled the college during the past week. They edited a special edition of the University of Washington Daily just twice the size of the regular sheet. Friday they gave their annual prom, a magnificent formal ball, from which Freshmen are barred. Saturday was Junior Day, and was, in accordance with tradition, celebrated by aquatic sports on Lake Union and a Junior play in the evening. In addition to the regular swimming, canoe and shell races, several novel features graced the meet. Canoe fights, tub races and a Fresh-Soph scrap were pulled off. The Fresh won the raft fight, but lost the eight-oar shell race to the Sophs.

Moving Up Day comes in about ten days. This is held in the auditorium. The Seniors move to the stage, the Juniors occupying their seats. The Sophs file into the Junior seats, while the Fresh come from the balcony. From this date on the Fresh are no longer required to wear their little green caps with the white button. They may smoke on the campus, talk with a co-ed, or loiter on Denny Hall steps, all of which are Freshman crimes before this time.

Perhaps the most impressive feature of campus life is the ease with which stunts which would fall flat in high school are made successes here.

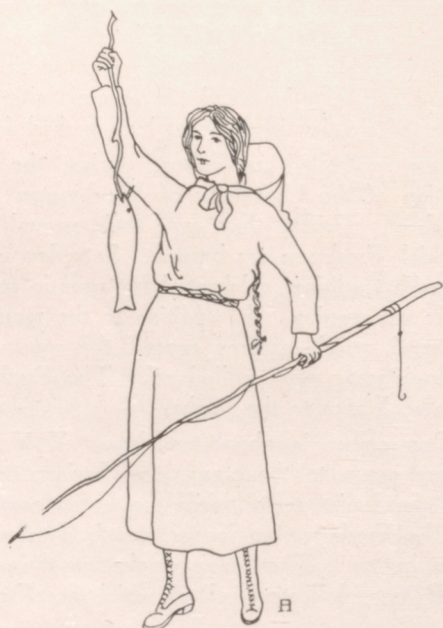
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Songfests are well attended, and everyone yells when told to. The turnouts for literary, dramatic, and athletic enterprises come as a matter of course, and not through coercion. The professors give their lectures, that is all. What the student does in his studies or on the campus activities is entirely up to him.

With fond remembrances and best wishes,

THE NORTH CENTRAL ALUMNI AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.

Louis H. Seagrave, Chris J. Rohwer, L. Florence Dickson, Neva Bucher, Ruth Merling, Inez Crippen, Paul Neil, Vincent B. White, Wayne Durham, John Truesdell, Walter Doust, Ralph Robinson.





ED. QUIGLEY.



A.C. WOODWARD
COACH



WILLARD MATTERS
TRACK CAPT.

BASIL JERARD
CAPT. BASEBALL.



'SAM' MOYER
COACH



Base Ball

Second J. Y. A. Game

Bad fielding and poor batting are what spelled our first defeat. It was at the hands of the J. Y. A's. They got the start and held the lead throughout the entire game. Poor judgment on flies by our gardeners was a large factor in our defeat, of the J. Y. A.'s got three runs directly due to the errors of the outfielders. The final score was 10-8 in favor of the J. Y. A.

North Central and Fort Wright Games

Some class, I'd say. We met and defeated the Fort Wright team twice. The first game was slow and uninteresting, neither team playing very good ball, due, perhaps, to the fact that the soldiers had been paid the day before and were just recovering, which made them unable to play good ball. Score ended 13-8.

In the second game the North Central looked for the first time like a real team. In spite of their poor work the week before with the J. Y. A.'s, their team-work, fielding and batting was all that could be expected from an amateur ball team.

As if enthused with the "zitz" (new word for "pep") that the fellows brought with them, the soldiers played a mighty good game, after their poor start in the first inning, in which the N. C. got seven runs.

Bullivant, for the N. C., pitched airtight ball, and the fellows behind him made only three errors. Jones at short was there all the time, eating up eleven chances with but three baubles. Neely, in center field, played good ball, taking many difficult chances without an error.

After the game, which ended 9-5 in favor of the N. C., the fellows had a feed at the Fort.

Spokane, Wash., May 1, 1913.

Mr. Sporting Editor, Tamarack, N. C. High School.

Dear Sir: I saw by yesterday's paper that the L. C.'s (Elsies) cleaned you up in baseball. But you can't expect to win all the time. Even the best of us must lose, though I thought the North Central was to be an exception this year.

I also saw by the paper, and by this I imagine it must have been a South

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Side reporter that reported the game, that the L. & C. at last beat the jinx, but if I may be permitted to venture an opinion I'd say that they must have been the lucky ones, for I see that they made less hits and more errors and yet beat you 3-1.

Hoping you have better luck in future games, I am

Sincerely yours,

NORTH SIDE BOOSTER.

Second Game

Yes, my dear, they slipped another game over on us, with the aid of the umpire. But even with his aid they only beat us two runs.

Oh, I won't mention the score; it's not necessary, but we again got more hits and less errors, yet we couldn't slip in the needed runs.

Yes, I know it doesn't sound good to kick after one's beaten, but still we have a "holler" coming, for that umpire was no good at all.

Who pitched, did you say? Oh, Briley and Narvested. Briley was a bit unlucky, and they connected with him for a few hits, so Bill finished up the game and they only got four hits off him, by the way, in eight innings.

Coeur d'Alene Game

Saturday, May 10

10:00 a. m.—Mr. Moyer arrives at the school, where he is supposed to meet the fellows.

10:30 a. m.—The fellows begin to appear.

11:00 a. m.—The fellows all here but Bas.

11:10 a. m.—After scouring the neighborhood Bas is found, talking with a fair one, as usual. Soon they are ready for the trip to Coeur d'Alene in autos.

11:30 a. m.—All four of the autos are on their way when Davies, our half-miler, find that a little air in one of the rear tires would make the road less rough, stops and pumps up same.

12:30 p. m.—Arrive in Coeur d'Alene.

12:45 p. m.—Light feed. Dorsey has a steak smothered, two side dishes, cake, ice cream and coffee. (Note the *light* feed).

1:00 p. m.—"Climax" Neely at last decides he is capable of eating.

1:30-2:00 p. m.—Developing new members for our N. C. billiard team.

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2:30-4:00 p. m.—Game, Coeur d'Alene vs. N. C. H. Score 13-3 in favor of N. C. H. S.

5:00 p. m.—Lunch. Leave for home.

5:30 p. m.—Bas and a couple of others leave after having partaken of all the good things they could swipe.

6:30 p. m.—Still chugging along, while the fellows try to sing. No success.

7:30 p. m.—Arrive in "Rainy Old Spokane" and saunter to movie.

Spokane, Washington. Monday, May 12.

9:00 a. m.—Team telling how it all happened.

Third Spasm

Half as many hits, twice as many strikeouts, more errors for the L. & C., and yet they beat us to the tune of 6-5. I'll leave it to the reader to determine who has the jinx hanging around.

Two passes, and a home run by Huntley, the lanky batting artist for the L. & C., spelled their first three runs.

After this, until the fifth inning, when the N. C. tied the score by getting three runs, the game was airtight.

In the seventh the N. C. started things. Skadan got a single, advancing to second, and then three hits in a row brought home two men.

About this time the park management was going to get the police after the N. C. contingent, as the grandstand was rapidly going to pieces under the efficient hands of the N. C. fans.

But all good things must end, and this was no exception, as a little pop-up fly retired our side and the L. & C. bunch started things, and they didn't finish until our redoubtable left fielder made a sensational one-hand catch and retired the side, but they had already gotten three runs, mainly due to the errors of our infield.

After this it was a good game and ended 6-5.

Narvestad, Sohns, Smith, Jerard, and McKinney played a good game for the N. C., while for the L. & C. Ault, Permain, Huntley, and Waggoner played the best.

But as some corner post wit said, "The N. C. should worry; it's the first thing they have been beaten in by the L. & C. for over a year."

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"SNOOKUMS" JERARD

Position, Fowl Catcher; Pet Phrase, "Oh, Piffle!"
Ambition, To beat L. and C.; Destiny, A big league ground keeper.



"DORSE" McKINNEY

Position, Backstop; Pet Phrase, "Get a move on."
Ambition, To keep Selma to himself; Destiny, To be a Freshie forever.



"BLONDY" SKADAN

Position, Target; Pet Phrase, "T-h-a-t's t-h-e b-o-y."
Ambition, To graduate in five years; Destiny, Bright.



"HAM" HAMER

Position, Keystone custodian; Pet Phrase, "All the time."
Ambition, To meet her alone; Destiny, To wash dishes for—



"SHRIMP" SOHNS

Position, The short artist; Pet Phrase, "That's grabbing."
Ambition, Unknown; Destiny, Uncertain.

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"CLIMAX" NEELY

Position, Middle guardian; Pet Phrase, "Rotten!"

Ambition, To be a Barney Oldfield; Destiny, Chauffeur on a hand-car.

"MAC" McELROY

Position, Sunfielder; Pet Phrase (Silence).

Ambition, To get a letter; Destiny, A reporter for the Press.

"BILLIUM" NARVESTAD

Position, Pitch; Pet Phrase, "I could do better myself."

Ambition, To be a "Christy"; Destiny, A city leaguer.

"JACKE" ABRAMS

Position, Left field; Pet Phrase (Not printable).

Ambition, To get the umpire; Destiny, Barker for a movie.

"REGGIE" BULLIVANT

Position, Pitch; Pet Phrase, "Shocking!"

Ambition, To get four credits; Destiny, Wrestling instructor.



T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E



"LEE" SMITH

Position, Pitch; Pet Phrase, "Oh, stop that!"

Ambition, To become a "Henry Hall"; Destiny, a Y. M. C. A. clerk.



"BILL" DWYER

Position, Bench warmer; Pet Phrase, "Punk!"

Ambition, To get in good with the coach; Destiny, a sudden death.

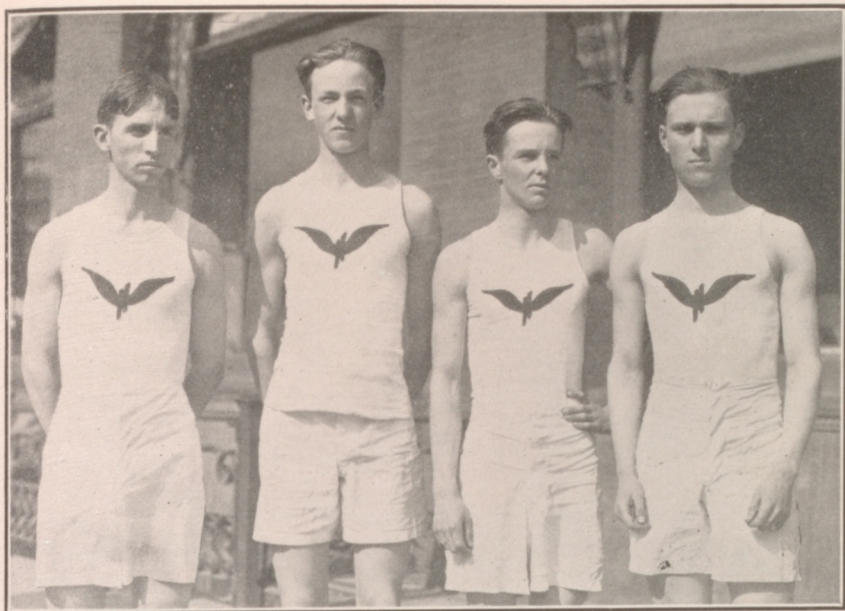


"MAC" MACDONALD

Position, Watching the bats; Pet Phrase (Can't be found).

Ambition, To get a chance; Destiny, To graduate without a letter.





RELAY TEAM

Matters

Johnson

Knight

Pearson

That Moscow Relay

Five fellows, Captain Matters, Pierson, Knight, Johnson, and McKenzie, with Coach Woodward, invaded the town of Moscow, where the University of Idaho is situated, and won a special relay which was open only to teams outside of Idaho.

The only other team entered beside the N. C. was the L. & C. The N. C. beat them, winning the silver loving cup offered.

Track Men

Captain Willard Matters, our 50-100-220-yard man, and some extemporaneous speaker. He was also a member of our relay team that took first place in the Moscow meet.

"Purity" Knight, the Demosthenes of the track team, is entered in the 220 hurdles, the 220-yard and the 100-yard dashes; also a member of the relay team.

"Mum" Pierson, the sprinting Freshie, a 50-100-220-yard and relay man, is in a class all by himself.

"Spider" Johnson, hurdler, broad jumper, relay man and a sprinter. Also a good Sophomore and good for another two years.

"Grouchy" McKenzie, the Sophomore sprinter, absolutely the laziest guy on the team, but he is a right-hand man when needed. He is alternate on the relay team.

Spense Morse, another Freshie sprinter, whosse only trouble is that he is not a Senior.

"Honest Abe" Glaze, the musical star of the bunch. It is said that he gets his knack of going over the bar from his earlier endeavors of keeping his legs from tripping him up. He got in the knack of jumping every time his knees came together, which was pretty often.

"Dutch" Wilhelm, the trap artist, hurdler and jumper. A good worker and a mighty fine fellow.

"Cy" Smith POLE VAULTER. Notice the size of the letters. The reason is that it's about the only thing on his mind at present, with the exception of a little dark-eyed person that goes to the N. C. But he is some pole vaulter in spite of this latter fact.

"Handsome" Anderson is some high jumper, as well as a star at hitting the high spots in his buzz wagon.

"Cholly Boy" Taylor, another of our galaxy of pole vaulters and holder of indoor record in the pole vault.

"Dainty" Smith, pole vaulter and javelin artist, also there at the high jump. A good athlete and a fine fellow.

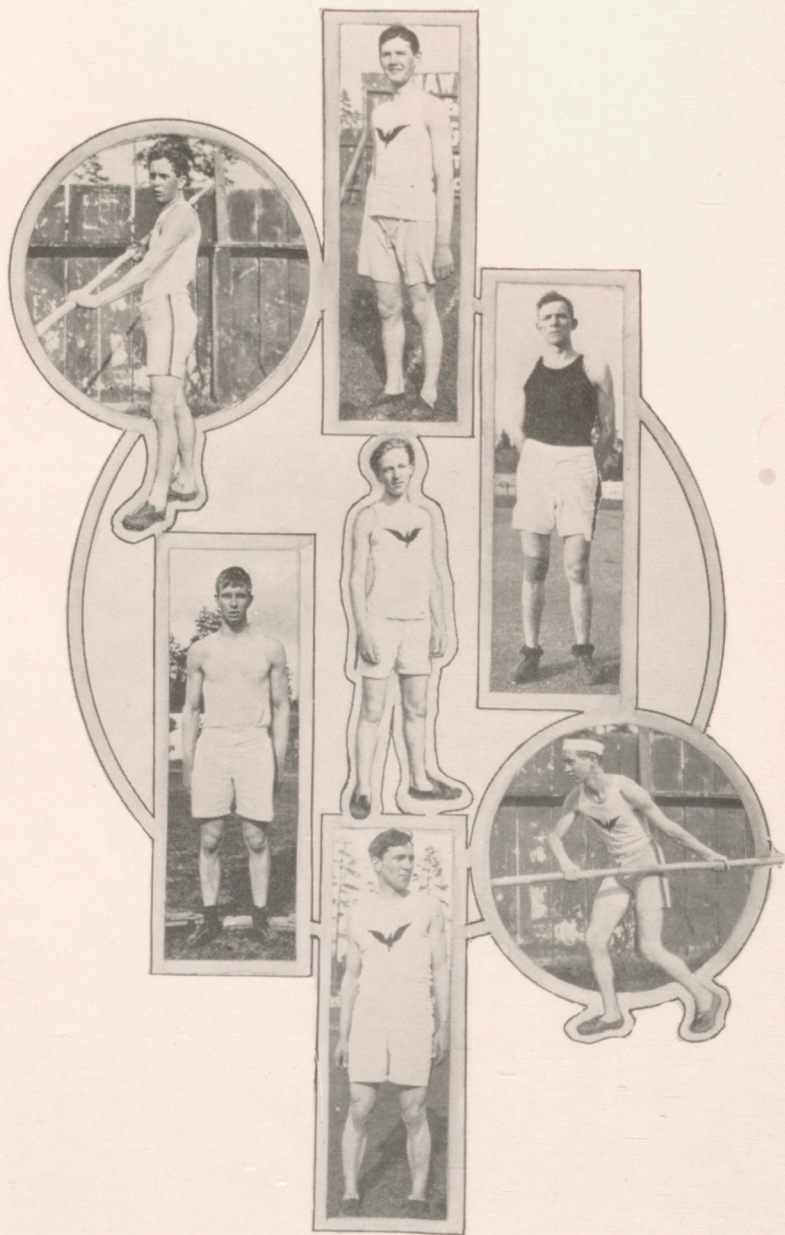
Kamrath, the big talker for the team, high jumper and general roustabout.

"Moose" Briley, our shot and discus husky, whose ability comes through hammering pig iron in vacation.

"Boob" Steele, strong man; puts the shot, also throws the discus and javelin. An avowed hater of the feminine.



T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

"Spud" Davies, last year's track captain and our best distance man. "Spud" is a lover of notoriety, also a married man.

"Colfax" Phillips, another distance man and a recent pupil at Colfax High. He is a good scholar, a fine fellow, the kind that everyone likes.

"Four-eyes" House, the ladies' man, one of our distance men and also a real student. A rare exception, as most people think, in athletics.

"Lanky" Abrams, weight man, is a senior and he lets every one know about it.

North Central, 67; Colfax, 38; Coeur d'Alene, 26

The triangular meet with Colfax and Coeur d'Alene was a success in every way. In the first place, we won the meet; in the second place, we got a good line on what our fellows can do, and what we are to expect of them in the meet with the L. and C.; and in the third place, the time and distances made in the meet compare favorably with those of the Northwestern colleges and are almost, without an exception, better than any made at any of the other high school meets.

The individual point-winner was Calquhoun of Coeur d'Alene, with three firsts and a second. He took first in 50, 220, and 440-yard dashes and second in the 100-yard dash. Pearson of North Central beating him in this.

Lumason of Colfax was second, with three firsts, taking first in all the weight events. He threw the discuss 110 feet 4 inches, breaking the Whitman County record.

Knight of the North Central clipped three-fifths of a second from the 220-yard hurdles record when he cleared them in 25 4-5 seconds.

In the 50-yard dash Calquhoun of Coeur d'Alene took first by a narrow margin from Pearson. The time was not good, as it took them six seconds to negotiate the distance.

The half-mile was won by Single of Coeur d'Alene by a pretty sprint at the finish. Philips overtook Davies and came in second. A bad fall at the beginning of the race resulted in a show of grit and nerve when Davies after his shakeup overcame the lead of the others and came in third.

Another surprise was dished up to the crowd in the pole vault, when Cassidy of Colfax took first at 10 feet 10 1-2 inches, breaking the county record by half an inch. Lee Smith and Middleton tied for second at 10 feet 8 inches.

The 100-yard dash, with Pearson of N. C. first, Calquhoun of Coeur d'Alene second, and Matters of N. C. third, was run in 10 3-5 seconds. It

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

was a close race, with all three leaders within four feet of each other.

In the 120-yard high hurdles, Chapman of Colfax was first, Johnson of N. C. second, and McEachran of Coeur d'Alene third. Time, 17 2-5 seconds.

In the shot-put, the husky Palouser, Lumason of Colfax, got first, with Steele and Briley of N. C. second and third. The distance was 41 feet 10 1-2 inches.

In the broad jump, by jumping 19 feet 9 inches, Johnson of N. C. took first place, with Chapman of Colfax a close second. McKinney, N. C., got third.

In the 220-yard dash, Calquhoun of Coeur d'Alene again took first, with Pearson, second, and Matters, third. The time was 24.3 seconds.

In the high jump, Goff of Colfax took first, at 5 feet 5 inches. Glaze and Anderson tied for second at 5 feet 4 inches.

Calquhoun, Coeur d'Alene; Matters, N. C.; and Cassidy, Colfax, was the way in which they finished in the 440-yard dash, making it in 55.4 seconds.

Knight made the 220-yard hurdles in 25.4, with Burgunder of Colfax and McEachran of Coeur d'Alene second and third, respectively.

In the mile, Davies retrieved his lost honor and won the mile in 4 minutes and 59 seconds, with Philips of N. C. second, and Rook of Coeur d'Alene third.

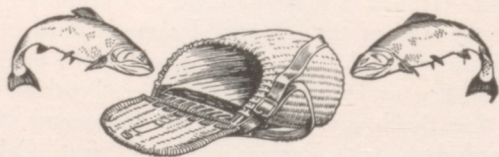
Lumason of Colfax took first; Abrams, N. C., second; and Steele, N. C., third, in the discuss event. The platter was heaved 110 feet 4 inches.

Things didn't pan out the way they should have, for the N. C. lost first place in the javelin throw, and Lumason of Colfax took first, with a throw of 140 feet 10 1-2 inches. Smith was second and Abrams third.

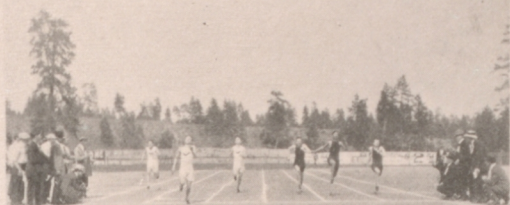
The half-mile relay was won by the N. C., composed of Pearson, Knight, Johnson, and Matters. Time, 1 minute 39 seconds.

The final score was N. C. 67, Colfax 38, and Coeur d'Alene 26.

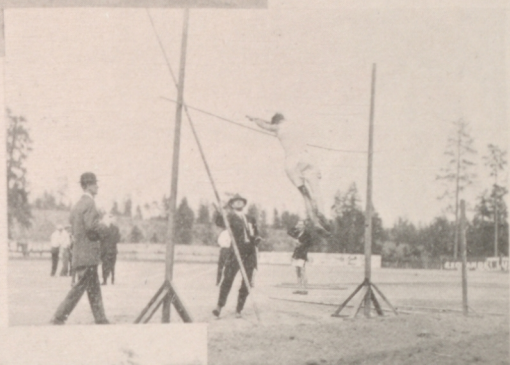
The meet was close in spite of the fact that N. C. got as many points as both Colfax and Coeur d'Alene combined. Colfax got six firsts; N. C. H. S. and Coeur d'Alene, five each.



AT THE BIG MEET



Pearson winning
the 50 yd. dash



Lee Smith Pole Vault



Pearson winning the 220 yd dash



Abrams putting the shot



Dual
Track Meet
**LEWIS &
CLARK**
VS
**NORTH
CENTRAL**
May 24,
1912

C. Smith
Pole Vault



Pearson
Winning as
Usual

Briley winning
the Shot Put

North Central-Lewis and Clark Meet

They all had us doped to lose; that is, the papers and, of course, the South Side bunch, but in spite of their talk we rambled home with the bacon and hooked them to the tune of 80 to 51.

The meet was a good one in spite of the size of the score, for the different events were all close, but the N. C. was almost always a little the better, for we got nine firsts and the relay out of fourteen events.

Pearson, our Freshie sprinter, was high point-winner, taking first in the 50, 100 and 220 yard dashes, and also lead-off man in the relay. He made 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ points.

The mile and half-mile were both record-breakers for a high school meet, Davies winning them both. He ran the half-mile in 2 minutes and 5 seconds and did the mile in 4 minutes 55 seconds.

The meet was attended by about two thousand people, of which about fifteen hundred were North Siders, whose presence helped the fellows wonderfully.

As facts count for most, let these be submitted to a candid world and conclusions drawn therefrom.

THE EVENTS

50-Yard Dash—Pearson, N. C., first; Davis, L. and C., second; Morse, N. C., third. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

In this race Pearson came from behind and won by a yard, while Morse, the other N. C. man, was a foot behind for second place.

880-Yard Run—Davies, N. C., first; Rudberg, L. and C., second; House, N. C., third. Time, 2:05.

Davies let Rudberg, the South Siders' sure winner, as they thought, lead him until the last quarter lap and then he sprinted ahead, winning by a big margin.

Pole Vault—Andrews, L. and C., first; Smith, N. C., second; Taylor, N. C., third. Height, 10 feet 9 inches.

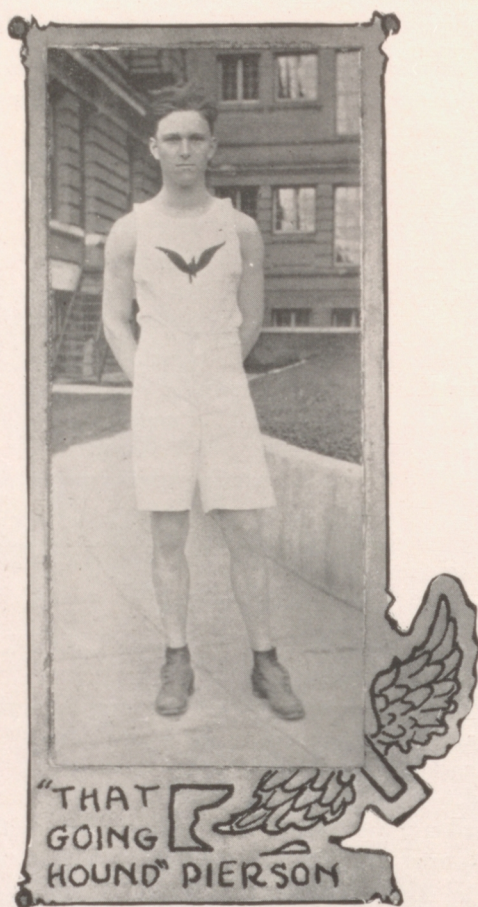
In this event Andrews was easily the best as he showed by the way he cleared the bar.

100-Yard Dash—Pearson, N. C., first; Pierce, L. and C., second; Davis, L. and C., third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

When a high school fellow goes the hundred yards in ten and a fifth seconds you can see he is out of the ordinary.

120-Yard Hurdles—Borden, L. and C., first; Johnson, N. C., second; Rost, L. and C., third. Time, 16 4-5 seconds.

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Borden won by a close margin from Johnson, but his style was easier, and he merited the victory.

Shotput—Briley, N. C., first; Steele, N. C., second; Hoisington, L. and C., third. Distance, 42 feet 4 inches.

Briley easily won, as his put was a foot and a half further than the rest.

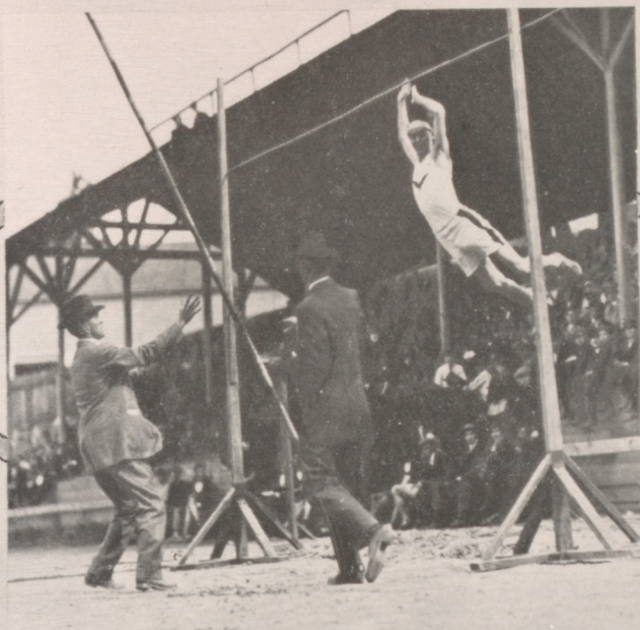
Broad Jump—Johnson, N. C., first; Andrews, L. and C., second; Davis, L. and V., third. Distance, 20.1 feet.

In this Johnson easily deserved to win, as he three times went over the twenty-foot mark, but was fouled in two of these jumps.



H. Neeley in the Broad Jump

Dual Track Meet
LEWIS & CLARK
 VS
NORTH CENTRAL
 May 24, 1913



Taylor, Pole Vault



AT THE BIG MEET

Starting 440 yd dash



Finish 440 yd dash



Spud Davies after winning the
Half mile . Time 2:05
1 Head Trainer Bos Jerard
2 Asst. Trainer Reginald Bullivant



Before the big meet

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

220-Yard Dash—Pearson, N. C., first; Matters, N. C., second; Pierce, L. and C., third. Time, 23 seconds.

Pearson again was the winner by a large margin. The fight for second place was the best seen in the whole meet. Matters and Pierce raced neck and neck all the way until in the last yard Matters nosed out a second, with a foot to spare.

High Jump—Rost, L. and C., first; Johnson and Glaze tied for second. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

In this event they all three tied for first, and kept jumping until one finally did clear the bar, as it happened it was Rost, and as the others couldn't clear it, he won.

440-Yard Dash—Matters, N. C., first; McCrea, L. and C., second; Rudberg, L. and C., third. Time, 53 seconds.

Matters won this event easily and was not even pushed.

220-Yard Hurdles—Knight, N. C., and Borden, L. and C., tied for first; Sheldon, L. and C., third.

By the mistake of an official the N. C. was tied for a first when in reality they had the event won.

Mile Run—Davies, N. C., first; Phillips, N. C., second; Shaw, L. and C., third. Time, 4 minutes 55 seconds.

The race was one of the prettiest of the whole meet, the three winners sprinting the entire last lap, and coming in to the finish, the three not fifteen feet apart.

Discus—Abrams, N. C., first; Hoisington, L. and C., second; Steele, N. C., third. Distance, 105 feet 10½ inches.

This distance broke the inter-high school record of 100 feet held by "Curly" Adams of L. and C.

Javelin—McCrea, L. and C., first; Abrams, N. C., second; Hoisington, L. and C., third. Distance, 145 feet 5 inches.

McCrea easily won, as his throw was eleven feet further than Abrams' best.

Relay—N. C. team, composed of Pearson, Knight, Davies, and Matters, won in 3 minutes and 39 seconds, and showed their perfect condition by the race they ran.

This is the second time the N. C. has won the track meet, one more year and all the trophies are ours.

Athletic Outlook

NORTH Central High is alive. It is a young, vigorous, growing much-alive institution, filled to overflowing with the best type of young humanity in the Inland Empire. This, perhaps, is the dominating reason for the bright outlook in athletics the big North Side school has before it for the coming year. The student here is willing to boost and he is willing to work—to get into something, each and every one for himself; to try out, even knowing in advance that he will not be selected among the firsts; to swell enrollments, so that out of the many the coaches may select the better team. Nor is this in any sense a blind sacrifice. Students are coming more and more to realize that the benefits are to themselves personally. Besides becoming stronger physically by entering the various sports, they have awakened in themselves a lasting interest in physical exercise.

Another important fact which augurs well for the immediate future of athletics at North Central High is the spirit of loyalty to and desire to co-operate with the coaches which exists in the student body. Loyalty—the kind that's backed with action, not words alone—is the kind that helps a coach turn out a winning team. The fellows who think that they know more about the athletic event they are engaged in than the coach who has them in charge are in poor frame of mind for any further advancement. I believe we have very few, if any, of such in North Central High. By the very nature of things it is impossible that a coach should have excelled in every event and in every line of sport that he is called upon to direct. This fact, however, is not of very great importance. It is important that he should have been engaged in the sport, been a member of the squad, in close touch with those who did excell—in a word, to have been a student of the game. The high school boy should keep in mind that the coach has what he has not—maturer judgment and the advantage of years of observation and study.

North Central High probably has a better set of coaches than any high school has ever had at any one time in the Northwest. The students know this and are backing them up.

North Central High probably has as good material among its students as any high school of the Northwest ever had. The coaches know this and are planning well and working hard.

Add to this a school management and a corps of instructors who are in accord with a broad, clean, athletic policy and you have a most excellent com-



OUR GYM---Where Athletics Do the Most Good

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE

ination. Can you beat it? Rest assured that everyone working under the Red and Black is going to help see to it that you can't.

FREDERICK KENNEDY.

Letter-Men

Those now in school and sport in which their letter was secured:

Name.	Football.	Basketball.	Track.	Baseball.
Briley	X*X			
Jones	X			
Hamer				X
Goddard	X			
Skadan	X			
Abrams	X*X	**X X	X	X
Van Dissel.....	X	X		
L. Smith.....		X		
E. Smith	X			
McKinney	*X			X
Harris	X			
Bullivant	X			
Krogstad	X			
Johnson		X		
Stevens		X		
Brawley		X		
Matters			X	
Davies			X	
Glaze			X	
"Cy" Smith			X	
Jerard				X
Meehan				X
Mary Endres.....		*		
Laura Hill		*		

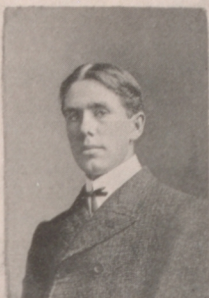
(X) Red letters secured from North Central.

(*) Blue letters secured when the schools were together.

This list does not include those playing in the 1913 Baseball and track team.



BOB TATE



F.G. KENNEDY



BASIL GERARD



PRINCIPAL HARGREAVES



"SAM" MOYER



A.C. WOODWARD



JACK ABRAMS

ATHLETIC

COUNCIL

Athletic Council

The Athletic Council is composed of Mr. Moyer and Mr. Woodward, athletic coaches; Student Manager Bob Tate, appointed by Mr. Hargreaves; Basil Jerard, also appointed by Mr. Hargreaves; Jack Abrams, elected by the student body; Mr. Kennedy, a third faculty member, and Mr. Hargreaves, chairman of the council.

This council has charge of all athletics, awarding of honorary letters, and all matters pertaining to athletics.

All questions pertaining to athletics are brought up before the council, discussed, and voted upon. A majority is necessary for an act to carry.

This council is, perhaps as efficient a way of working out the various athletic affairs harmoniously as could be devised.

The coaches are members of the council, as well as one other member of the faculty. There are two boys elected from the four upper classes by a vote by ballot of all students in the school. There are four boys to choose from, one from each of the four upper classes. These boys are to carry out the plans of the school at large.

Besides these two boys from the student body, another boy is appointed by the principal as student manager.

Besides these, there is the Principal, who has charge of all the meetings of the council.

Tennis

Another line of athletics has been started in the High School, and one that for some time has been demanding recognition by the students of the High School.

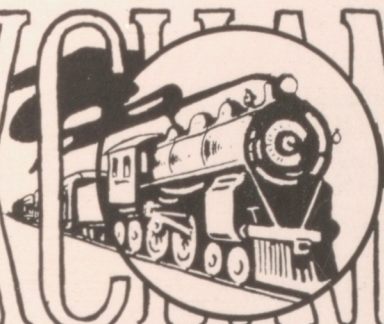
Under the leadership of Mr. Prickett, who is faculty manager of the association, and Cliff Williams, president of the association, the N. C. will be well represented in tennis meets.

Mr. Prickett will pick and coach the team to represent the High School.

At a meeting of all those interested in tennis the following officers were elected:

Cliff Williams, president; Signor Blum, vice president; Margaret White, secretary and treasurer; Otto Warn, business manager; Mr. Prickett, faculty manager.

EXCHANGE



ED QUIGLEY

A Few Spring Boquets

TAMARACK

The Freshie number of the Tamarck is a well gotten-up book. It has a great deal of snap and creditable cartoons.—*Whims*, Broadway High, Seattle.

TAMARACK

Your last issue makes a good impression, not only on the new Fresh, but also on outsiders. You have a number of exceedingly clever cartoons, your jokes are well written, and you have an exceptional athletic department.—*Lewis and Clark Journal*.

TAMARACK

You are one of the very best of our exchanges. We hope to keep regularly in touch with you. Your stories are above the average, the arrangement of your paper calls forth no criticism.—*The Spectrum*, Jefferson High School, Portland, Ore.

Some Boquets for Others

The Poly High, Los Angeles.

A very good paper. You have a splendid joke section, plenty of cuts, and your athletic department is very cleverly written.

The Spectrum, Portland, Oregon.

Your paper is to be complimented on its arrangement, jokes, and the literary section.

T H E T A M A R A C K , S E N I O R I S S U E

The Whims, Broadway High, Seattle.

The arrangement of your paper is fine, your stories are very interesting, and your jokes are splendid.

Wheat, Ritzville.

You are one of our coming papers. Your last magazine was the best number of the *Wheat* I have seen yet. Keep improving as you have been.

The World, Central High, St. Paul.

Your Senior number is very interesting. The green border of the pages makes the paper very attractive. The Prophecy is original.

The Calendar, Central High, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why not use some definite arrangement in your paper? It would improve it wonderfully. The brown ink is hard on the eyes, but nice for a change.

The Tamarack wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to Harlan Saubert of the Murgittroyd's Drug Co., to the Ellis Photo Co., and to W. A. Burk for the assistance and help they have given us in making the photographic work of this issue a success.



THE ARTIST

(TO HOWARD COLEMAN IMHOFF)



SO FOND OF MAKING PICTURES

UPON HIS WRITING PAD,

AND THUS HE DRAWS HIS LINES WITH CARE
TO MAKE A JUMPING LAD.



SO FOND OF SAILING VESSELS,

AS PEOPLE REALLY DO;

JUST LOOK AND SEE WHAT HE HAS MADE

THE BIGGEST ROWING CREW.



AND THERE'S A LOCOMOTIVE,

WITH WHEELS AND ALL JUST RIGHT;

AND HERE'S A SPORTING TRAINER

ALL READY FOR A FIGHT.



(NOTE - THIS
IS A HOME
PRODUCT.)

AND WHAT IS THIS? A FRESHIE

A-EATING LUNCH AT NOON,

AND THERE'S A LITTLE DOG TIED FAST

TO A BOUNCING TOY BALLOON.



AND NOW JUST WAIT A MOMENT;

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HE'LL DO;

HE'LL TAKE YOUR LIKENESS. HERE IT IS.

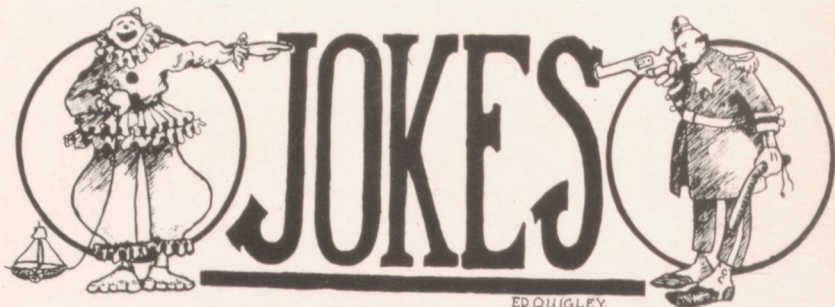
HOW MUCH IT LOOKS LIKE YOU!

E. DONOVAN.



E. DONOVAN

JUNE '73.



Miss Olney (speaking of dresses)—
Girls, I want you to go into the fitting
room and hang each other.

Mr. Overman (giving Eng. IV. stu-
dents an exam.)—Keep your eyes at
home on test days.

Miss Olney (to girls making shirt
waists)—Now, girls, until you are
ready to sew the collars upon your
waists, put a basting thread around
your neck so that it won't stretch.

Girl reading Julius Caesar in Eng.
IV.—Tear him for his bad verses, tear
him for his bad verses.

Mr. Overman—It's a good thing
you people wern't there.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE

(Conducted by "Beatrice Barefax")

Dear Miss B.—Can you tell me of
some English word that has not yet
been invented?

Answer: Look in the dictionary for
such words.

Dear Miss B.—When Glen was
over the other night, I made some

candy, and he left soon after. What
is that a sign of?—Dora V.

Answer: He is not worthy of your
love. He should have stayed and
tried to eat some of the candy.

Dear Miss B.—I get so lonesome,
walking to school alone. What
should I do?—Don N.

Answer: Since you don't like to
walk alone, you might walk together.

Dear Miss B.—Don't you think the
talkative girl is more popular with the
high school boys than any other kind?
—O. B.

Answer: What other kind is there?

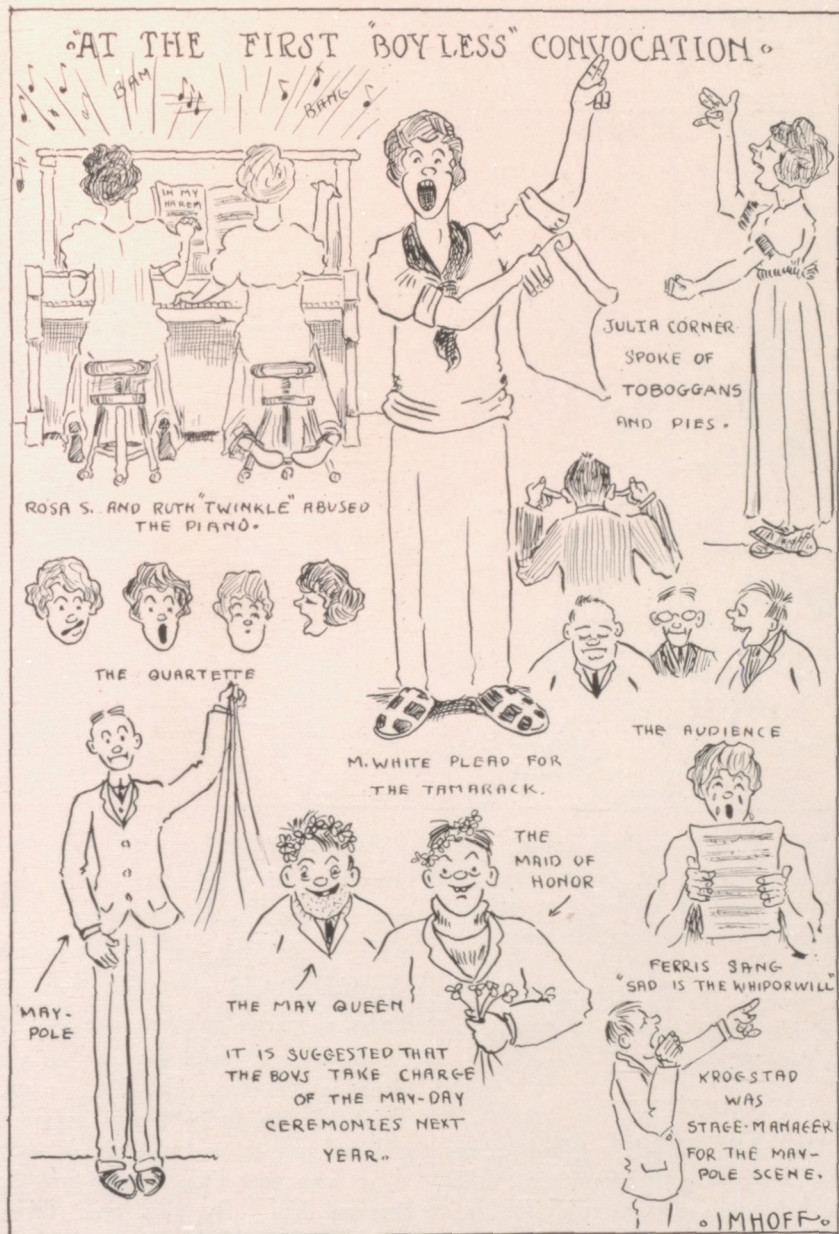
Dear Miss B.—I am in love with a
girl with blue eyes and an automobile.
Should I ask her now to marry me, or
wait a while?

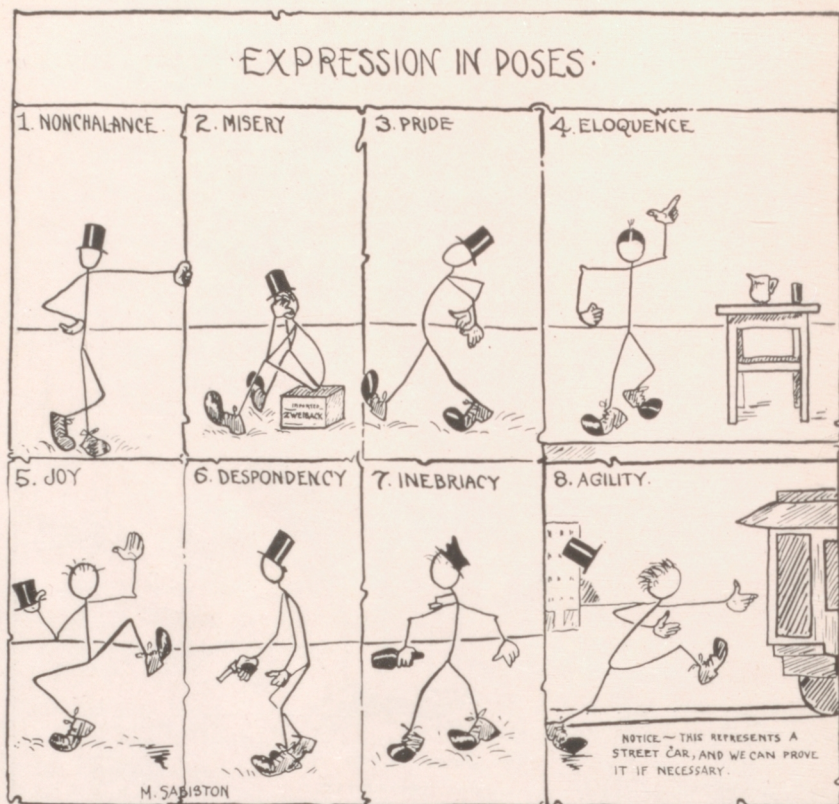
Answer: Yes.

Dear Miss B.—Right in class one
day Mr. Endsloew advised me to try
next summer to find a fellow engaged
in hod carrying. What shall I do if
I should find him?—Louise O.

Answer: Let Mr. Endsloew advise
you about that, too.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE





Dear Miss B.—There are some artificial flowers in our parlor, and my friend says they remind him of me. Should I ask him what he means?—Maida Hitt.

Answer: Do not ask him yet. He has either not detected the flowers, or has detected you.

Dear Miss B.—My friend comes to see me on Sunday afternoons. What can I do to make it interesting for him?—Clara S.

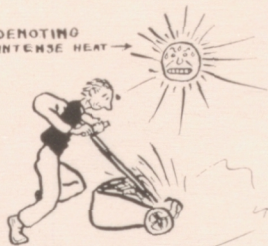
One Hundred Forty-four

Answer: Give his watch to your baby sister to play with; let the dog amuse himself with the young man's hat. While your grandfather pesters him with oft-told tales of the war, set the graphophone going on one side of the room and pound rag-time on the piano on the other side of the room. Treat him to fudge highly seasoned with red pepper, and when he is going away have your little brother turn the hose on him. By this time things should be interesting enough.

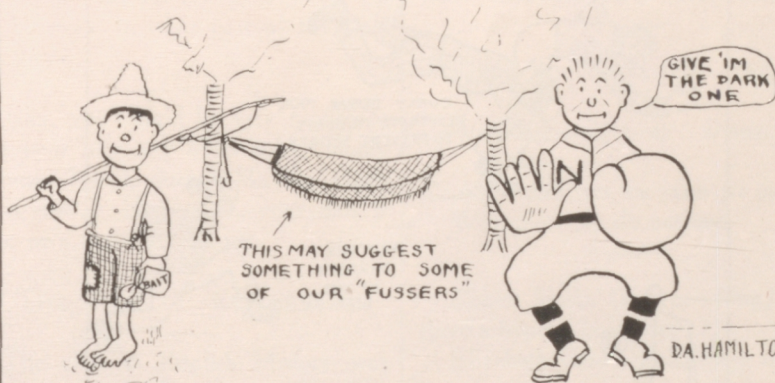
SUMMER



DENOTING
INTENSE HEAT →



BIG CIRCUS
COMING SOON
GORGEOUS STREET PARADE
40 ELEPHANTS 20 CLOWNS
ADMISSION 50¢



DA. HAMILTON

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



Dear Miss B.—In “The Vanity of Human Swishes” is a silk skirt the theme?—Rosetta K.

Answer: I refer you to the author.

Dear Miss B.—Do you think I should go East for my lungs?—H. H.

Answer: In what part of the East are they?

Jean, you would be very foolish to dye your hair any other color, simply because Joseph doesn't like the shade of it now. Remember, your hair is your own, and he isn't yet.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH

The class in English History was in session, and Miss Kaye was telling

of the impressionable age at the time of the Elizabethan era. She turned to W. W. and asked:

“How old was Elizabeth, Mr. Wilson?”

William wore a far-away expression: “Eighteen on her last birthday.”

The one who thinks these jokes are poor

Would straightway change his views,

Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we do not use.

Robert Yorke (in typewriting): “Is there a hyphen in ‘to-day’?”

Elizabeth C.: “Well, there isn't in tomorrow.”



William Wilson was showing the Harrington debaters around town the day they arrived in our city. One of them remarked: "You seem to be putting up a good many new buildings here."

"Yes," replied William, "new buildings are the only kind we put up here."

Miss Bemis—The noblemen helped the king to over-run the common people with taxes.

Judith A.—I thought taxes were one of the late inventions?

H. H. (in cooking class)—This crazy old meat is burned, now.

Emma L.—Hush! Don't roast it any more.

Mary had a little lamb

But that died long ago,
Now she has a horse at school

That translates Cicero.

One Hundred Forty-eight

PERPLEXED

If you were to throw Arthur Elvigeon head first out of the window, where would he light?

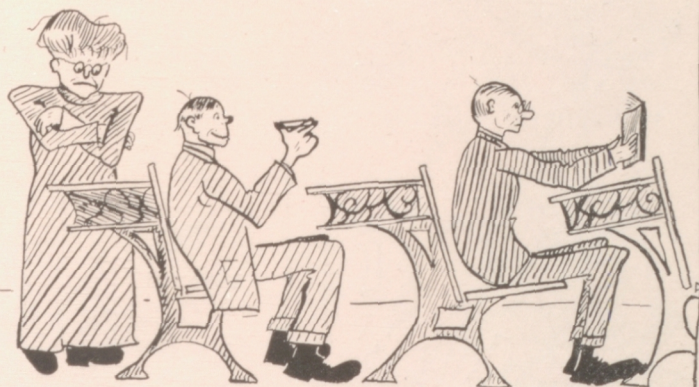
Worms have only near-brains. This fact accounts for the existence of book-worms.

George Loney (expostulating in Physics I): "It was that day I was up on the board and drew a straight line."

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
And far away
From others stay
'Till you patch up the washed-off tone.

What would you say to calling Miss E. Kaye "Crystal"? You know she is always on the watch.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

M. SABISTON

And while B. B. is still Holden George, it looks as though H. M. had a good Holt on Kemp.

All English IV students who wish to be inspired, should find for themselves a spire, and be enclosed therein.

Bessie—If you were to get married, Margaret, what pet name would you call your husband?

Margaret—Why, I wouldn't call him any pet name; I'd just call him Ira.

Dorsey McK (after convocation)—Say, I like "That Old Girl of Mine."
Edwin R.—Which one, Dorsey?

Miss Broomhall (translating Spanish)—After he had eaten, we all went outside and ate ourselves.

Don Neely—You've got a shine, ain't you, Howard? How much did the kid charge?

Howard D.—Ten cents.

Don—Say, he'd paint a garage for a quarter, wouldn't he?

Soph—There is one snap in High School, right now.

Junior—Quickly, tell me where it is.

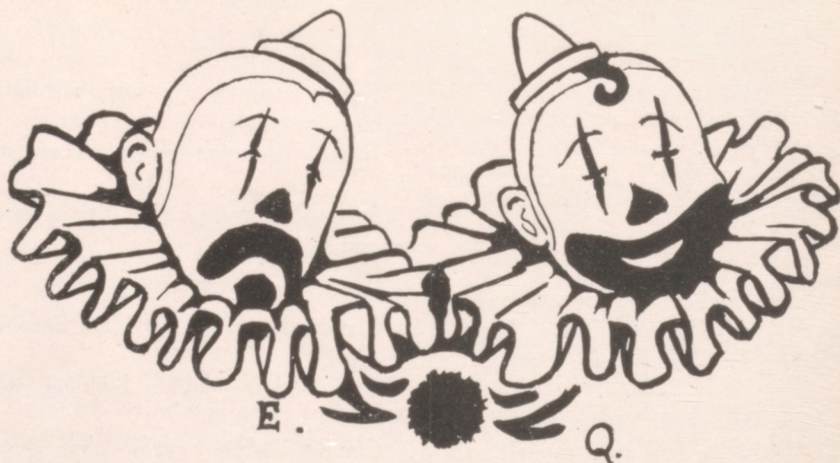
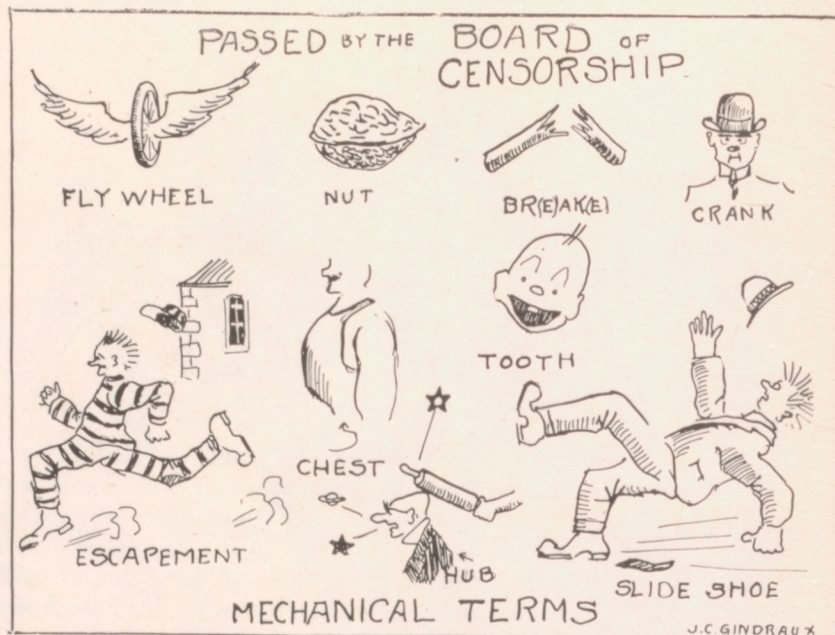
Soph—It's in the cafe. It's a gingersnap.

Claudia L.—Isn't our High School angelic?

I. S.—How could a building be angelic?

Claudia—More easily than you could. It has wings.

THE TAMARACK, SENIOR ISSUE



Boys—

IF
SHE
DRIVES
YOU
TO
DRINK

Remember

that at

Staples
821 RIVERSIDE

you

SECURE
THE
BEST

==

Candies and
Ice Cream



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Smartness

is what you'll find in our young men's clothes. Hats and Haberdashery too; at popular prices.

SUITS

\$16.50 to \$35

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Clothes Shop

Loomis-Waite Co.
508 Riverside

SHOW YOUR COLORS

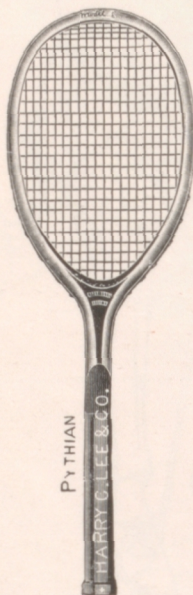
Ribbons in the School Colors at

NELSON & MUIR

DRY GOODS

01819 Division St.

Phone Max. 3241



Tennis Goods

D. & M. and
LEE Slotted
Throat Ten-
nis Rackets.
Prices

\$1.50 to \$8

Ayers'
Champion-
ship
and Hand
Made

TENNIS BALLS

All the nec-
essary equip-
ment to build
a first class
tennis court.

Get our Catalog and Prices

McGowan Bros. Hdwre. Co.

Howard and Railroad

Milner & King

PORTRAITS

608 Exchange Bldg.

SPOKANE

The Kind
that
will Please You
and Your
Friends



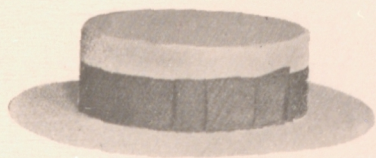
LOOK FOR THE
QUALITY MARK

TRU-BLU BRAND

Crackers and Fancy Biscuits
Sixty Varieties

Manufactured by

Inland Empire Biscuit Co.
SPOKANE



Your Hat

Merely needs to be cleaned and blocked---the style is "O. K." Just send it with your laundry and dry cleaning to the Crystal Laundry.

Like all work done the "Crystal" way your hat will be returned clean and fresh ready for another long period of usefulness.

I AM YOUR BOSOM FRIEND

Crystal Laundry

0701 Howard Street

Main 6060

A 1060

Wanted — Employment. Charity work preferred. Apply Don Rader, at almost any time.

Lost — A pompadour. Finder please return to Cam. McKensie.

Our idea of Domestic Economy is that every girl, before leaving High School, should have learned to fix her hair so that each dollar's worth shows off to the best possible advantage.

At least we have found the two reasons why Hazel Britton goes to Davenport's. They are: (1) Because it is on Sprague, and (2) because Sprague is there.

Said Earl one day to Elaine,
"My dear, it's beginning to rain."

"O, let it," she cried.

"I will," he replied,

"To do otherwise would not be sane."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Quite Naturally Culminates
In the Bestowal
of Gifts

Our ability to offer the
best in original ideas in
jewelry is what has
given us the reputation
we hold.

Sartori & Wolff

Makers of Fine Jewelry

417 Sprague Ave.

ARTISTIC PRINTING for SOCIETY
FUNCTIONS
HIGH GRADE ENGRAVING for
INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS



Shaw & Borden Co

SPOKANE



SURVEYOR'S and ENGINEER'S SUPPLIES
or SCHOOLS and COLLEGES
KODAKS, CAMERAS and PHOTOGRAPHIC
SUPPLIES

Cut Flowers *Floral Decorations*

Spokane Florist Company



UP - TO - DATE FLORISTS
722 Riverside Avenue
Phones Main 5
A 2322 SPOKANE

SPOKANE TABLE Supply Co.

Fine Groceries and Table
Delicacies

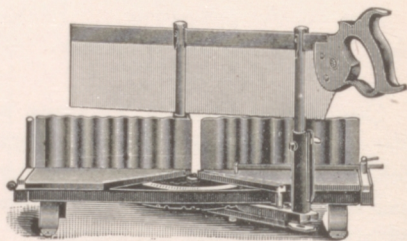


Wines and Liquors



Sprague and Wall
Spokane, Wn.

The Tool Store



We carry tools that cannot be bought
in any other store in Spokane. Try us



125 Howard 609 Main

DO YOU WANT TO
SAVE MONEY

IF SO, HAVE THE _____

**STERLING
Printing Co.**

_____ DO YOUR WORK

Phones : Maxwell 1666
Home F1385

01801 Division Street

Ruth—Sherman, you look like a
Chink.

Sherman—Aw, come on, how do
you make that out?

Ruth—Why, you look with your
eyes, and so does the Chink.

There was a young lady named
Maude,

Whose wisdom we can't but applaud.

Before frying her ice

She cut it in dice,

And lay it away to be thawed.

There was a young fellow named
Jawn,

Who developed much muscle and
brawn,

But in lessons he'd flunk,

For in that sort of junk

He found it quite hard to catch awn.

**GOING CAMPING
THIS SUMMER ?**



Be Sure to Take

PURO

The prepared Cake, Biscuit
and Flapjack

FLOUR

SPRING and SUMMER FOOTWEAR

Our prices have been greatly reduced

"Ralston" Oxfords for men

\$2.65

Young Ladies Oxfords, \$3.50 Styles

\$2.25

NETTLETON SHOE STORE

"The North Side Exclusive Shoe
Store"

0614 Monroe Street

Prompt
Service

Courteous
Treatment

H. L. Steenberg GROCER

Phone Maxwell 770
Automatic F1087

01827 Division St.

H. I. Somers COMPANY

Manufacturers of
Ladies' and Men's

Tailor Made Shirts

Athletic Goods of All
Kinds :: College
Pennants and
Pillows

811-13 SECOND AVENUE
SPOKANE, WN.

Let Us

Clean and Press your
Outer Garments.

Our Faultless Dry
Cleaning restores them
to that appearance of
newness.

Our Pressing restores
them to their original
shapeliness.

Palace Cleaning Works

Main 194 PHONES A2520
We will call 6 S. Monroe St.

REIMER'S

Floral Art Shop

Phone Main 141, A1768
807 Riverside Ave.

We will serve you
well whenever you
need Flowers, Can-
dy or a nice cool
drink at our fountain

We Aim to Please All

You Appreciate Cleanliness
You Enjoy Comfort
Economy is Your Watchword

AN

All-Gas Kitchen

Makes them All Possible

No fires to build, No kindling to Split
No coal to carry
No ashes to clean, Fire always ready
Kitchen always comfortable
Dinner always ready on time
Cook always pleased

The GAS CO.

Main 3485

A1125



MUCH IS DUE TO
J. GIBBON'S DOBBING
ABILITY

J. C. GINDRAUX

E. C. YOCUM CO.

MANUFACTURING
JEWELERS

Class Pins

Frat Pins

Medals

We duplicate any Class Pin
Made

Largest Factory in the In-
land Empire



222 Post St.

SPOKANE

OUR

SPECIALTIES

=
GOOD WORK and
QUICK SERVICE
AT REASONABLE

Prices

=
JUST
Phone

Glenwood 411, F 1371

=
Pearl
Laundry
CO.

0636 Superior Street



CATASTROPHE IN CHORUS

On April 22, the back row of the second period sopranos were ordered to take the front seats. Whereupon the third period classes found them with lessons unprepared.

One of the North Central janitors is very affectionate. He says he loves the trees very much, and the lawn mower.

Sam G. (Botany Student)—Does that tree on the southeast corner of the campus belong to the arbutus family?

Janitor—No, sir. It was planted by the Jan. '13 class, and now belongs to the school board.

MAKE Your Vacation COUNT

If you have been studying Gregg Shorthand, Touch Typewriting, Bookkeeping or Penmanship do not lose the SUMMER MONTHS and forget half you have already learned, but continue your studies under expert teachers at

THE *Blair Business College*

If you have completed your High School Commerical Course we will soon have you ready for a position, if in another course spend TWO SUMMERS with us and when you have completed your High School work you will command twice the salary you could without our course.

How Much Are You Worth

to an employer? Go out and seek employment and see for yourself and then drop into the office of THE BLAIR BUSINESS COLLEGE and let me show you what we start our graduates at and see the difference.

You Owe It To Yourself

and to your future employer to GET THE BEST business training possible, then you can step right in and get a handsome salary for your FIRST MONTH'S WORK and are in line for the promotions that come to the man or woman who UNDERSTANDS the business thoroughly.

Visit us any day before 4 p. m. and see our work or call at the office Saturday and arrange to begin a course.

Telephones—Main 405; A2405

H. C. BLAIR, Principal.

Top Floor, Madison Building, Corner First and Madison.

BOYS!

JUST THINK

how good a cool
plunge and swim
at the 'Y' would
make you feel on

a hot afternoon. The cost is one dollar per year

THE Y. M. C. A.

The Yakey - Mathis Company

THE STORE FOR HIGH GRADE GROCERIES

Imperial Coffee

Flag Brand Canned Goods

NOT HOW CHEAP---BUT HOW GOOD

PHONES : Maxwell 1290
Home B1233

Corner MONROE and NORA



WHY NOT BUY YOUR TRUNKS

Direct From Manufacturer?

Thats Our Business

SPOKANE TRUNK & GRIP CO.

Alligator Corner

SPRAGUE AND WASHINGTON

Woodman, fell that tree,
Spare not a single bough.
I carved a girl's name there,
I've got another now.

—Ex:

Mildred—Hazel, you look like a
singer.

Hazel—Yes, the whole family are
singers; even the sewing machine.

People who inhabit transparent dom-
icles should never be guilty of hurling
geological specimens.

—Ex.

FUTURE ?

=

The most of YOU, "now under age,"

Will soon start your "careers"

The "time" will pass,—“and you'll look back”

Upon some pleasant "years."

YOU soon must travel "life's long road";

'Twill later on "divide";

Just take the "straight and narrow"

Say those who "both" have tried.

Each "girl" does live for "future"

In "dress" she must have "care";

For "some" will form "impressions"

About the "clothes" YOU wear.

We want "the girls" to come to us,

We'll save them HALF and more,

On any SUIT, COAT, DRESS or HAT,

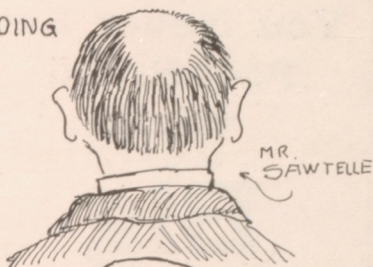
At the FLORENCE UPSTAIRS STORE.

THE Florence Upstairs Store

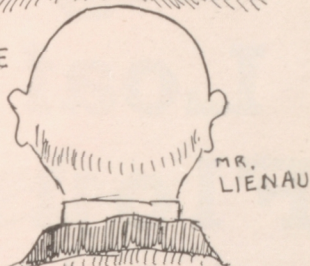
505-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-
14-15-16-20 and 21
Mohawk Bldg.

P. S.—Any student presenting card will receive 10 per cent discount on any goods in the store.

GOING



GONE



MAY MR. SAWTELL PROFIT BY
MR. LIENAU'S EXPERIENCE AND
USE HERPICIDE OR SOMETHING

J. C. GINDYLAUX.

Jack: "The fortune-teller said I would marry a blonde."

Gladys: "Did she say how soon?"

Jack: "In about six months."

Gladys (cooly): "I can easily be a blonde by that time."

John G.: "Celine, how'd you like to have a pet monkey?"

Celine F.: "This is so sudden."

In Economics Class: Speaking of the boots which grow on rubber trees.—J. Rhodes: "Where do the rubber heels grow, then?"

Mr. Collins (instantly): "Oh, after the trees are wounded, they heal up."

**You Never Eat
Poor Bread
when**

**Big
Loaf
Flour**

**is used
CENTENNIAL
MILL CO.**

**Libby
Art Studio**

We make high
grade photo-
graphs of men,
women and chil-
dren. Satisfac-
tion guaranteed

**Libby Art
Studio**

**26 Wolverton Blk.
Cor. Riverside and Wall St**

A. W. Millar

High Grade
GROCER

Corner Division and Nora
Max. 660, F. 1056

It's really good---

**MAGNOLIA
COFFEE**

40c value for 35c

Beil Phone Main 743
Home A2309

**PACIFIC
TRANSFER
CO.**

WE CHECK BAGGAGE FROM
RESIDENCE TO DES-
TINATION

421 AND 423 FIRST AVENUE

An Invitation

*To all our Tamarack friends and others
to visit our enlarged and newly equipped
Tea Room and Ice Cream Parlor.*

*¶ We shall maintain the high standard
of excellent service so well known to
the patrons of*

Clayman's

Jane Burchett

TEACHER OF VOICE

Studio

216 Auditorium Bldg.

Telephone Max. 909

WE SERVE THEM HOT

Hamburgers, Weiners, everything in the
way of Lunches Full line of Soft Drinks

AT FRANK'S

BASEBALL UNIFORMS

GYM SUITS

PENNANTS

L. M. Varney
MAKES SHIRTS

Sporting Goods

A Complete Line of Rawlings Baseball Goods

Both Phones

New Location
S. 208 Howard Street



S. 11 Howard Street

A3060

PHONES

Main 306

OUR PURE ICE CREAM

is served in the best homes for two good reasons---it has the quality and our delivery service is perfect. Our soda fountain enjoys the same popularity for the same reason---quality and good service.

GOLD AND ENAMEL BUTTONS
METAL AND CELLULOID GOODS
BADGES, CLASS PINS
FOBS ETC.

I. L. STARKER

Advertising Novelties
Calendars, Leather
Goods, Signs
Etc.

505 Temple Court

Phone Main 2031

P. O. Box 2232
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

ADLER'S COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

We are now featuring new models
in two-button blue serge suits

\$18 to \$25

CHENEY SILK TIES, 50c

GUARANTEED SOX

in lisle or medium weights. Six pairs
six months for

\$1.25

TOMLINSONS, Inc.

Broadway and Monroe

Our Values Keep us Growing

David Kirk (a close friends of Raymond Bevier's) was asked the other day by an interested party, what course Raymond was going to graduate in. David, thoughtfully scratching his head, said, "In the course of time."

PUMPS

FOR GRADUATION Party, Theatre or Street Wear. We have them for all occasions. Come in and get fitted now.

\$2⁵⁰ **\$2⁷⁵**

FACTORY SHOE STORE

LAFE TROYER, *Manager*

Over the Palm next to the Crescent Store

Don Rader has made a new discovery. Guess. He found Margaret White studying.

BUTTERCUP ICE CREAM

Pure and Delicious

Delivered to Your

Home in any

Quantity or Flavor

**Spokane Bakery
Company**

Maxwell 774

We take Pleasure in
Supplying Spokane
with Absolutely Pure
Dairy Products



**Pine Creek
DAIRY CO.**

WAISTS, DRESSES
SUITS AND
COATS



SKIRTS, PETTICOATS
KIMONOS AND
MILLINERY

THE UPSTAIRS STORE
505-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15 AND 16
BOWHAWK BLOCK

SPOKANE, WASH. / May 28th, 1913.

To the TAMARACK;
N.C. High School,
Business Mgr.

Sirs: —

We desire to thank you for the good results received from our small "Ad" placed in your Spring Number, which has proven to us, that the boys have kept faith with the merchants, by way of inducing the students to patronize the advertisers.

Kindly give us the same space as in last issue.

Thanking you for the privilege of soliciting us
we are,

Very sincerely yours,

THE FLORENCE COMPANY

per *Florence C. Meagher*



Mrs. Harry L. King

S.14 Howard St. Cor.1st

Spokane, Washington,

May 27th.

1913

To the business Manager of the Tamarack.

Dear Sir:- I wish to say that I certainly appreciate the Tamarack as an advertising medium, and hope for its future success.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. Harry L. King



NEW YORK OFFICE
16 EAST 18TH ST.

KEMP & HEBERT

SPOKANE, WASH. March 1-1913

The Tamarack,
1/2 N.C. High School,
City.

Messrs:-

Attention Advertising Department!

We have decided to use a full page in this issue of the 'Tamarack', as we note a decidedly increased trade among the High School students.

It will be remembered that this store promised such an increase at the beginning of the year, provided the students would let us know when they came into the store. They fell in with the plan at once, and their support has since been so marked that we take great pleasure in remembering our promise.

We will finish the season with the full page per issue, and trust the students will merit even more space for the coming season.

Very respectfully,

KEMP & HEBERT,

H. A. Hebert
Advertising Manager.

John W. Graham & Co
It is Made of Paper We Make It.

SPOKANE WASH May 28, 1913.

GENERAL OFFICE

Managers of the Tamarack,

Gentlemen:-

Your readers have proven their loyalty to your paper, "The Tamarack", by patronizing us most liberally for the advertising we do in it's columns.

Every day our salespeople hand to our advertising department Tamarack Identification Cards which give us an absolute check on purchases. In many instances parents and teachers have handed in these cards.

Tamarack advertising pays us well and our appreciation of these sales has been noticed, no doubt, by the good service which we insist upon giving.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. GRAHAM & CO.

John K. Mathisen
Advertising Manager

JLM-MA

We Value a Promise

Work Delivered
PROMPTLY

The **Franklin
Press**

Printing of The Better Kind
W. B. WILLCOX--CHAS. POWER

The Symons Block
Phone Main 1366

Just Now

We wish to call your attention to our pillow cleaning department. Your pillows are washed in soft water with pure soap and nothing else. They are dried in pure air and come out clean, sweet and fluffy.

The price is twenty-five cents each.
Feather ticks, \$2.50 each.

Cascade Laundry
CLEANING AND PRESSING

Home B1374
Maxwell 286

*Hot Sandwiches,
Milk, Coffee, etc.*

*Ice Cream and
Soft Drinks*

IVES' HIGH SCHOOL LUNCHES **01816 Howard Street**

*High Grade Confectionery
School Supplies*

*Leave parcels or books in our care
at any time*

Oregon

Washington

Idaho

Montana



Northwest School Furniture Co.

SCHOOL and CHURCH SEATING

*Hyloplate Blackboards. Pulpit Furniture
Tower Bells. Maps. Rolling Partitions*

*Theatre Seating. Folding Chairs
Assembly Chairs. Globes. Flags and School
Supplies*

We installed over 1600 Triumph
ADJUSTABLE School DESKS in
the Lewis and Clark High School

S. 113-115 Jefferson St.

SPOKANE

COOL COMFORTABLE

Outing Shoes

FOR YOUR VACATION

Many styles in
leather and
canvas designed
especially for
young folks.

ROGERS SHOE CO

408 Riverside



SETTLING A DISPUTE

ATTENTION! STUDENTS!

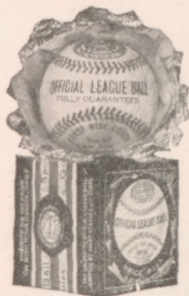
During the vacation months get your
Tamarack cards at room 1516 in the
Old Nat'l Bank Bldg.

R. L. TATE, Bus. Mgr.

The Florence Upstairs Store gives ten
per cent discount to customers showing
Tamarack Cards.

The Peer of all League
Balls

GOLDSMITH'S
Official League Ball



**SPOKANE
HARDWARE
COMPANY**

516 RIVERSIDE AVE

A Kuppenheimer

GUARANTEED SUIT

Is to the good dresser what a Spaulding
Baseball is to the good ball player



The PEERLESS

CLOTHING CO.

723-725 Riverside

Novelties in Straw and Panama Hats

Groceries--Confectionery

"He who eateth here
waxeth fat"

North Central

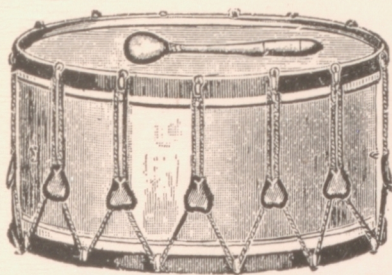
CAFE

01705 Howard St.

Home B1447

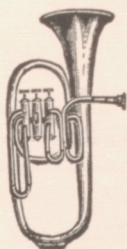


See the North Central Float in the
Pow Wow parade.



BAND

**INSTRUMENTS
of ALL KINDS**



**We make a
Specialty
of Equipping
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June 2, 1913.

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Very truly yours,

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Manager.

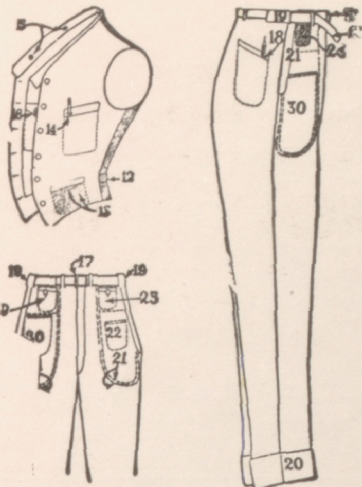
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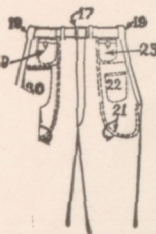
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2. Premier Shields—double the wear at the arm pits.
3. Premier Inside Safety Pocket, as good as lock and key.
4. Premier Watch Rest in Outside Breast-Pocket.
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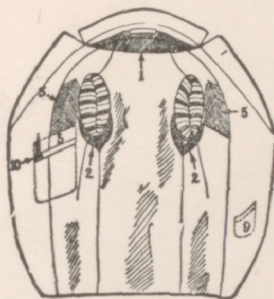
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12. Premier Side-Buckles—mold the Vest to the body.
13. Premier lower-left velvet-lined Watch pocket.
14. Premier Fountain-Pen Holder, in upper left hand pocket.
15. Premier Autocrat Detachable Vestee with gold-plated pins.



TROUSERS.

16. Premier Inside Document Pocket with Buttoned Flap.
17. Premier Silk-Looped Belt Slide, holds the Belt in front.
18. Premier Handy Pencil Holder at right side hip pocket.
19. Premier Subway Slides—give that snug-fitting hip.
20. Premier Ready Adjustment Bottom—straight finish, soft turn-up or permanent cuff—your choice—in a trice.
21. Premier Guaranteed Hole-Proof Side-Pockets. Cannot wear through. These pockets have two additional features. (a) They are shaped to follow the form of the hand, (b) the contents positively cannot slip out should the wearer adopt reclining position.
22. Premier Key-Compartment in Left side pocket.
23. Premier Belt to match suit with clever and novel adjustment. The 34 waist can be made a 32 or 36 without a pucker at the waistband.
24. Premier Velvet-lined Watch Pocket with new idea guard, right side.
25. Premier Small Change Pocket, left side.
26. Premier Satin Hanger.
27. Premier Drawer Supporter, patented.
28. Premier Security Jewel-Pocket Inside of waistband with novel button lock.
29. Premier Dress Pearl Buttons on Watch and Change Pockets, give that finished toney look.
30. Premier Bill-roll Compartment, inside—right hand pocket.



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